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REVIEWS

DR. LARDNER'S CABINET LIBRARY.

Military Memoirs of Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington. By Captain Moyle Sherer. Vol. I. London, 1831. Longman & Co.

We very much regret that we were unable, in our last number, to do an act of justice to our readers, by making them familiar, at the first hour, with the manifold and disgraceful faults of this pretending book. We promised, however, to pass sentence upon the signal offender at another session; and it is our intention, very honestly and very firmly, to keep our word in the present number of the *Athenæum*.

Since the termination of the war, we have, it must be admitted, suffered very severely from naval and military authors—from gentlemen who were extremely triumphant on the deck of a seventy-four, or on "the tented field," but who, by the midnight lamp, have spread a desolation over English sentences, and have devastated the goodly fields of taste, in a way that war itself might envy. Sketches, by professional men, of scenes or characters with which they have been familiar, are pleasing and endurable enough: but when the hero of land or water fires up into the tempestuous historian, it is no matter of easy or patient pastime to be a spectator; and we rather think that a goodly admonition will at last not be without its beneficial results. The heroic style—by which we mean the style of heroes—is much governed by circumstances. In the time of immediate action—in the thrilled hour brinking upon battle—the great soldier or sailor writes from the heart, "clean" through the mind, in language simple and awful as minute guns. But when the warrior affects the author on the quiet table, and under a trade-inspiration—the true excitement of his professional glory being absent—he writes under a false excitement of aggravating noun-substantives—and his style swells out into

Guns, drums, trumpets, blunderbuss, and thunder, to the utter astonishment and dismay of all sober and pacific readers. Lord Nelson's prayer, written in sight of the enemy's fleet, is breathless—cold almost—in its naked prose earnestness and enthusiasm. Could he have written such a prayer in sight of the publishing fleet of Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown & Green?—No; he would have fidgetted for those frigates to authors—the adjectives! We love sailors at sea—aye, and at home, if they have not *three sheets* in the wind; and we venerate soldiers in the field or on parade; but we do not think that they are quite fitted to carry all before them at the point of the pen, or to rise, like rockets, into historians. We have made these observations, because we verily think—and we

confidently believe that we shall make all our readers think—that Captain Moyle Sherer has, under the flag of General Dionysius Lardner, enlisted in a corps, which is at the best of times exposed to imminent perils of name and fame, and in which, we really apprehend, he must make up his mind to be one of the "forlorn hope."

Captain Moyle Sherer has already, we believe, written on military subjects, but we are not much acquainted with his prior productions. The present work is now before us, and with every desire to "do our spiriting gently," we feel that, coming as it does in the shape of an advanced guard of a great and threatening company, undrilled in the common exercise of composition, and badly though gaudily accoutred in glittering phrase and dazzling image, we owe it as a duty to our readers to hold a critical court-martial on the offender, and to check, if possible, the offence. We are not, and have never been, friendly to the harshnesses and bitternesses of criticism, if we could avoid them:—but where a book is utterly bad, nothing can or will deter us from speaking the truth. There are pen-follies, and crimes against taste, which it is the strict duty of fair reviewers to expose. We proceed to our task.

The 'Military Memoirs of Wellington' are composed 'i' the Hercules vein! The sentences swell like the boa after a monthly trade dinner. But as there are errors in the work of a more serious nature than the mere customary blunders of "words, phrases, and grammar," as Dr. Pangloss so compendiously describes a bad style, we will go over some of the mis-statements as to men and things in Spain and Portugal, before we meddle with "the gentleman's language." Books, vile books, like Macheath's usual place of resort, the gaming table, have been the Captain's ruin. War's road may have done him justice. He has trusted to the received but unauthenticated statements of others—and in more instances than one he has been deceived.

The present volume carries the memoirs of Wellington through more pages than circumstances; for, at page 295 we have only travelled through forty pages of Seringapatam—the rising and early struggle in Portugal—the retreat of Moore—the siege of Zaragoza—the passing of the Douro—and the battle of Talavera, and its consequent retreat. Of course, the plums of the Memoirs are at the bottom of the historical pudding; and at which we are not yet arrived.

The first passage we shall extract, upon which we shall offer a correcting comment, is at page 74. The author writes—

"It is the opinion of many, that, in open and authorized war thus waged, and with the avowed object of dethroning the reigning family, and

taking the land into possession, Spain, as a nation, would not have offered any strong resistance, but would have received the conqueror and hailed him as king. Not so: the Spaniards are a people attached with an ignorant and superstitious reverence to accustomed names and sounds. They would bear much before they would dethrone a native prince; more before they would resist the will of the church; and would undergo anything rather than receive a foreigner to be their king. Oppressed by their government they might be; roused to turn upon the ministers with violence, and even a momentary ferocity: but interfere between Spaniard and Spaniard, and, like man and wife, they drop their feud, and unite to drive away all interposers in their quarrel." p. 74-5.

We have commenced with the above extract, because we are of opinion that the author has fallen into the common English error of mistaking and degrading the Spanish character. The man-and-wife simile is pretty, but not correct. At the commencement of the 18th century, did not half of Spain desire an Austrian for king? and did not the other half crave a Frenchman? And did not also the English, the Dutch, the French, the Germans, the Italians—nay, even the Portuguese people, interfere in the struggle?—and yet did the contesting Spanish parties become kindly and leaguely conjugal? No; they fought with horrible obstinacy and ferocity one against another, to put one of two *foreigners* on the throne. In 1823, too, when there was an internal strife in Spain, did the interference of France quell the intestine quarrel? or husband-and-wife the malcontents against the Angouleme? Our readers know that the facts do not bear out the Captain's reflections and animadversions.

At page 78 we come upon the following passage, which, passing over its extravagance of style, is full of weightier errors:—

"The royal family of Spain, during these dangerous and insulting movements, were occupied in a manner that nothing but the crowded and concurring testimonies of the writers of all sides and parties can induce the reader to believe possible. Ferdinand, the Prince of Asturias, was soliciting the honour of a matrimonial alliance with the house of Napoleon, and asking aid against his father. Charles and Godoy were inviting his help against the treason of Ferdinand. The Emperor was silent to both: his troops were quietly and steadily gaining ground.

"The court of Spain was, at this period, at Aranjuez: and, a sudden fear possessing them, they resolved on flying to America, and prepared immediately to retire upon Seville. On learning these intentions, the party of Ferdinand broke out with violence, and the populace of Aranjuez, roused by their example, surrounded the palace, and demanded, in tumultuous and angry tones, that the royal family should not move: nor were they pacified, till a distinct assurance was given, that the court would not depart from Aranjuez. The day following, there was a riot in Madrid,

and the house of Godoy was broken into and plundered. On the next, he was himself assaulted at Aranjuez; his life saved with difficulty by the timely protection of the royal guards: and he was placed in arrest.

"Charles IV., terrified by these scenes of violence, and alarmed by the accounts from Madrid, abdicated the throne. On the 20th, Ferdinand was proclaimed king at Madrid, amid the shouts and rejoicings of a vast and excited multitude." p. 78-9.

The author has fetched his water from the wrong pump. The facts are simply these. On the night of the 17th of March, 1808, the populace of Aranjuez arose suddenly and attacked the house of Godoy. No resistance was made by the guard, and the furniture was destroyed; but Godoy was not then found. The mob thought he had escaped—but on the 19th Godoy, who had lurked in a garret during the tumult, was compelled by thirst and hunger, to quit his place of concealment, and the soldiers of the royal guard made him a prisoner. Twice did Ferdinand, by command of "the Royal Wittol, Charles," save the life of Godoy, by interposition with the people; but on the return of Ferdinand from his second interference, he found that Charles had resigned the crown. The inhabitants of Madrid, which is 27 miles from Aranjuez, hearing of the riot, rose on the 10th; but their revolt had nothing to do with the abdication of Charles. It will be seen, there are three gross mistakes in this paragraph in the 'Cabinet Library.' In the first place, the insurrection at Aranjuez was for the purpose of assaulting the minion Godoy; secondly, the riot at Madrid was the consequence, and not the occasion of this attack on him; and, thirdly, the abdication of Charles the Fourth was the result of the Godoy disturbance, and was, of course, not influenced by the Madrid bustle, which was a posterior flourish of the mobility. One would think, according to the 'Military Memoirs,' that Charles, like Mrs. Brulgruddery, could "foretell a thing after it had happened."

In a chapter on the rising of the Spanish people, our author is more eloquent than correct:—

"Among the many incidents of this memorable day was an attack upon the French hospital, of which Southey, jealous for the honour of the Spaniard, and chivalric in his own generous conceptions of the scene, speaks with natural horror and indignation; but a military man knows that the attendants, orderlies, and convalescents of a military hospital, are capable not only of defence but of active hostility. The military historian Napier accordingly relates it without any such feeling against the Spaniards. The Spanish troops in Madrid remained shut up in their barracks, and under the close control of their officers throughout the whole of this strange contest. No Spanish soldiers took any part in the struggle, except two officers of artillery, on duty at the arsenal, named Daoiz and Velarde, and a detachment of invalids under their orders. These officers hearing the sounds of the combat, and being told that a French column was advancing in the direction of their post, brought out guns to defend the approaches to the arsenal, and loaded them with grape; being resolved to resist any assault of the arsenal by force. As soon as the enemy came in sight they opened upon them with these guns, and continued to fight them till they fell. Velarde was shot dead by a musket-ball. Daoiz was wounded in the thigh; but he sat up on the

ground, and continued to give orders until, under three more wounds, he expired. Velarde was a fine young man of five-and-twenty. Daoiz was a man of thirty.

"It has been said, that, as military men, they were not justified in acting as they did, without express orders. We think otherwise. They had charge of the arsenal: they already knew the fate of the Spanish fortresses in the north; and the moment was come when they had a right, as Spaniards, to choose their course of action. They well knew that an unarmed mob, even had they been assisted by the few Spanish regiments in garrison, could not long and effectually resist the bayonets and sabres of 25,000 choice troops; but they cast in their lot with the people; they saw the consequence; for Spain they were willing to fall, and with a devotion alike hopeless and heroic they did fall. It has been said by an eye-witness that they were under excitement from the wine they had just drunk at a *déjeûné à fourchette*. It is customary to drink wine at that meal on the continent; and it is not improbable that the quantity usually taken at that hour, falling upon hearts full of their country's wrongs, may have given to their manner a passionate and (to the eye of a calm observer) an extravagant warmth; but we believe they acted from a principle of pure patriotism, and that they seized the offered opportunity to act bravely, what they thought nobly. * * * The stain of this cold and criminal execution attaches not, according to some authorities, to Murat, but to Grouchy, and to a colonel of the imperial guard. Murat, who had ordered their trial, and confirmed their sentence, forbade the execution of it, at the prayer of the municipality. His earnestness to save their lives was not exhibited by any extraordinary effort in person. The loss of lives in this rising of the people was not very great: the casualties of the French amounted to about 700; those of the Spaniards are estimated at 200." p. 86—8.

Napier, if we rightly recollect, (for we have not his work by us,) merely states that Daoiz and Velarde were in a state of great excitement; but our author adds, on the authority of an eye-witness—from wine "drunk at a *déjeûné à fourchette*," at which "it is customary to drink wine." It is the custom to drink wine at this meal in France, but they have no such *bad-French* meal in Spain. The following is made up from Napier—even, we think, to the exact *twelve days* sovereignty of Calvo, but it is not therefore, correct. Excepting at Valencia and Segorbe, very few of the French residents were killed by the Spaniards; and of the partisans of Godoy and Napoleon, not perhaps more than twenty in all Spain;—and these were generally provincial governors, who opposed the rising, or were the reputed instruments of Godoy. There can be no defence urged for these murders; but the numbers of such crimes need not be aggravated out of the reach of truth. The Canon Calvo and his followers were not killed by the people, but strangled per authority, as a good and serviceable example!

"At Cadiz, Seville, Cartagena, and in many other cities, the French and all Spaniards supposed partisans of Godoy and of Napoleon were put to death by the excited populace: many liberal-minded, innocent men, thus perished. It was a moment when reason was asleep, and diseased suspicions were awake; when a beaten and vindictive groom, or a ridiculed and scorned monk, was master of the noblest life, and could hunt an enemy to death by the simple word

† The exact number is eighteen; but we have thrown in two, for round numbers.

'*traidor*.' Thus fell Solano at Cadiz, and Conde d'Aguilar at Seville. In Valencia, one Balthasar Calvo, an ecclesiastic and a canon, at the head of a fanatic mob, began and continued the bloody work of deliberate massacre for twelve days. A hundred victims bled beneath the knives of the assassins in his train: many families were made fatherless; but the cup of fury was presented to his own lips in turn: the wretch himself, with two hundred of his followers, were imprisoned, and strangled, by the miserable and disabused people. Filanghieri, the governor of Corunna, an Italian by birth, was put to death, under circumstances of cruelty horrible in the extreme, by the very troops he commanded. When Napoleon received the news from Madrid he was alarmed, and vexed." p. 91-2.

Again, at p. 94, our author copies Napier,† and states that the Council of Castile, the Municipality of Madrid, Cardinal Bourbon, &c., elected Joseph Bonaparte King of Spain. The Council of Castile published a manifesto showing the contrary to be indisputably the fact. No one can venerate this precious Council, but where a case is made out, it is the paramount duty of the historian to divide against prejudice and error.

"It is true that the French army on the evening of the 22d had a formidable position between the British and Lisbon. They had the means of retiring from that position to others in front of that city, and, finally, of crossing the Tagus into Alentejo, with a view to the occupation in strength of the forts of Elvas, La Lippe, and eventually Almeida." p. 128.

Military men can work very difficult problems on the face of this precious earth. But if our author, or Dr. Lardner, will be pleased to turn to the mere map, he will find it difficult to carry an army across the Tagus to Alentejo, "with a view to the occupation in strength of the forts of Elvas, La Lippe, and eventually Almeida." La Lippe is at Elvas, so two birds are killed with one stone; and Elvas is many miles south of the Tagus; but Almeida, unfortunately, is double the distance on the north!—the "eventual" object would therefore be a poser to accomplish. It is a pity a volume on Geography did not precede these 'Military Memoirs' in the Cabinet Library.

The following is said to be from Sir Walter Scott—blunder and all, we hope:—

"There was present in this battle a battalion of students, volunteers from the universities of Salamanca and Leon. 'The youths whom patriotism had brought to the field could not be frightened from it by danger. They fell in their ranks, and their deaths spread mourning through many a respectable family in Spain.' Peace to them: they are gone into 'a world of order.'" p. 138.

There is not, and there never was, an University at Leon.

The account of the battle of Talavera is again from Napier. A victory, with a long train of disaster, is made out; and want of provisions, and want of Spanish co-operation, are alleged to have been the causes of the wasting retreat. The Spaniards are, and have long been, warm in their defence against the accusations; and are not answered. It would not be amiss if historians would establish "a glory" before they hymn it. Would it be too much to ask them to reply to the

† We have, of course, had to allude to the volumes of Napier on the Peninsula, which English readers have read and received as history. There is a third volume threatened, which will afford us an opportunity of examining the work.

following little questions:—1st. Was Lord Wellington restricted, by instruction, to the defence of Portugal? 2d. Did the English government stipulate for the occupation of Cadiz by its troops, as a positive condition for the assistance of the English army in Spain? 3d. Was it not *hinted* to the Spanish government, that the English general must have the supreme command in Spain? These questions have been often agitated, but never answered "since that martial synod met" in the hall of Marialva!—nor since hundreds of English hearts perished,

To feed the crow on Talavera's plain,
Ad fertilize the field, which each pretends to claim.

At p. 233, old Cuesta, the stubborn Spanish leader, is accused of a refusal to fight on a Sunday! This must be an historical error. Cuesta often fought on a Sunday. The first battle he ever gave to the French, and which was at Cabezon, was on a Sunday. General Faria and others, for good reasons, were all for a Monday battle, and urged, laughingly, that the 13th of June, which fell on the Monday, was St. Anthony's day, and this Saint had been declared generalissimo of the army. But Cuesta said, in the same spirit of ridicule, "Let them fight to-morrow, as it is the day of the Trinity!"—and I do not know a better generalissimo than the Trinity!

The author, at p. 240, characterizes the conduct of Cuesta as "barbarous and useless," in "selecting, by lot," the soldiers to be shot. When many military persons have committed a crime, it is a custom in Spain to select one in ten for punishment; and the men, consequently, cast lots.

Our readers will begin to be a-weary of this work; and we shall not trouble them much more with the stuff of which Military Memoirs and Cabinet Libraries are made. The following shall be our last extract:—

"Palafox, a name that was once and long a kind of hallowed spell, was not the man we fondly thought and would fain have found him. To say that he was not sincere as a patriot, and that he did not exhibit spirit as a man, would be greatly to wrong his memory. The warm part which he took, when at first he aroused Arragon to resistance; the language of those proclamations, which were read and listened to with a burning eagerness all over Spain, and all of which Palafox himself penned; and the presence of this chief in many scenes of blood and peril; prove that he was sincere as a patriot and brave as a man: but

Worth and fame to be secure,
Must be in death enshrined.

"The foundation of the heroic character was wanting; there was no moral depth, no living principle of action. He grew weary of the fearful and never-ending contest. He detested the fierce men of the people, and their system of terror. He fell sick; and in a city where half the very combatants, daily fighting in the streets, were sick also, for the last month of the siege he never came forth from a secure and vaulted building. In this recess, while the death-shower of shot and shell was pouring its destruction upon the exposed, and while pale pestilence was walking about the mute and melancholy chambers of thousands of his fellow-citizens, the habits of a former life returned upon him,—and Palafox is reported to have passed the period of his seclusion in sensual indulgence. Let the reader sigh with us over this humiliating fact, and let him lay to his heart the mournful lesson which it offers. Such and so weak a thing is man!

"Honours were decreed to Zaragoza by the patriotic government of Spain; and the decree

contained an especial promise, that whenever Palafox should be restored to liberty, the nation would confer upon him that reward which might seem most worthy of his unconquerable constancy and ardent patriotism. Palafox, however, died in captivity. His name will ever be identified with the heroic defence of Zaragoza: it was long a watchword in all the camps of Spain; and enough of glory will yet remain upon it to make men turn gladly away from the contemplation of those disappointing features, and those moral failings, which now lie 'nailed in his chest.' " p. 182—4.

This is all very syllabic and imposing. The only misfortune to the passage is, that Palafox did not die in captivity, but is alive at this moment, though suffering from the disease he caught at Zaragoza! Canga has ably replied to these calumnies; and yet they are repeated. It is all very eloquent and well, to talk of moral failings being "nailed in his chest," for the sake of winding up a chapter; but this nailing into the chest of a living gentleman, is more profitable to the historian than agreeable to the *nailee*!

We are really sick of the careless assertion of pre-asserted errors, and the hasty but perverse adaptation of the statements of contradicted and contradictory narratives. The author charges one or two Peninsular books at the point of the pen, and "captives awfully," as Jonathan has it. We have seldom seen a book upon which less reliance can be placed.

The style is something after the fashion of that which Old Doyley so much admires:—"it must be great, for I find so few that understand it." As contract work, we really think that Dr. Lardner has no right to complain of the article furnished. The words are tolerably substantial throughout; and let the Doctor mete any sentence, he will find the measure bountiful. The figures, too, are winged and plentiful. The volume swarms with eagles, and quite puts the Zoological Gardens out of countenance:—

"Of a truth, deep was the gloom that overspread the political horizon at the peace of Tilsit: the black eagle of Prussia drooped in a fetterlock, the eagles of Austria and Russia, with stained breasts and torn plumage, had flown back enfeebled and tamed to their own cryes, while the golden eagle of France soared above her victorious legions, high and alone, like the fabled bird of the heathen god." p. 72-3.

"The want of provisions, and the want of transport, weighed down the wings of our British eagle, and he could not soar as he aspired to do." p. 258.

We, as amiable critics, are ever disposed to assist, according to the proverb, "a lame dog over a stile"; but there are *styles* over which it is really impossible to help even ourselves. The *lowering* is hard work to master. Some of the sentences in this first volume of the Cabinet Library—(we now see what responsibility attaches to members of a Cabinet!)—swell, rush, dash, and crash, like the fall of a cataract. We should occasionally almost be tempted to say, in the words of the melodist,

Silent, oh Mele! be the roar of thy waters!

The following specimens of composition in this curiously *travai*d Cabinet, are odd:—

"Their infantry regiments were formed upon excellent skeletons: good non-commissioned officers were present to instruct them; good officers to command them, and always a *sprinkling* of old soldiers to lead them into fire under the

same eagles beneath which they had themselves earned their chevrons of service, and won their decorations." p. 93.

"Sir Arthur next proceeded to Oporto, saw the busy and warlike bishop, listened to his plans, looked at the *paper state* of his army, but learned its real number and condition from Colonel Browne." p. 106.

"Six guns, forty horsemen, and 4800 bayonets, moved under this general." p. 112.

"The city is built at the upper end, and the arms of the river at that point embrace the walls." p. 27.

"The horses of General Floyd were soon amidst their broken ranks, and they fell fast before the sabres of his men, whose red horse-hair plumes shook over them fierce and pitiless." 24.

"From beneath the thick plumes of red horse-hair, which drooped over their bronzed cheeks, the manly eyes of the bold 19th dragoons looked on severely." p. 58.

"The peaceful peasants could again sow and irrigate their pleasant fields in security; and, in 'the places of drawing water,' the timid women of the Indian villages were again delivered from their fear." p. 46.

"Nothing could be more simple and straightforward than the matter of what he uttered; nor did he ever in his life affect any peculiarity or pomp of manner, or rise to any coarse, weak loudness in his tone of voice. It was not so that he gave expression to excited feeling." p. 51.

"French soldiers, as they stood or walked unarmed, were mobbed and massacred, and ran about wild, helpless of defence, and hopeless of resistance." p. 89.

We might multiply these rare whimsicalities, to an almost incredible extent: but we desist. The French soldiers, in the last quoted passage, rival King Charles in the capability of walking about 'half-an-hour after their heads were cut off.'

There is something transatlantic in the following sentence:—

"These things, and a soowarree, perhaps, coming on the way with huge elephant, and camels, and long-maned horses, *fretting handsome under their weighty housings*, and their turbaned riders, and all the historic associations that crowd up to cultivated minds at the sight." 55.

"Done handsome!" indeed,—as Mathews says!

One of the leading faults in our author's style, arises from his belief, that we are all acquainted as well with the military phrases, and the short-docked army expressions, as himself. There is a familiarity about the following, which of course the uniform Tactician overlooks, but which will startle the delicacy of the lay-soldier:—

"Reverse the picture from what it was, and where would have been the danger upon Sir Arthur's flank?" p. 268.

Loss of life is more than once called the '*casualties*' of the army. (See p. 88—159). Truly a slight mishap to a gentleman labouring under a musket!

What a book!—In the course of the volume, innumerable very successful *sorties*

The *Literary Gazette*, in which the publishers of the Cabinet Library have a considerable share, speaks of the '*Memoirs of Wellington*' in the following wholesale and useful style.

"We can assure our readers, that the first volume is a concise and spirited biography of the Duke of Wellington, from his first commission to the invasion of Portugal by Massena."—Jan. 8.

The *litter* articles on the volumes published by two eminent houses, appear generally to be written for the sake of being 'cut up in little stars,' and studded into advertisements.

"And shall we own such judgment? No!—as soon Seek roses in December—ice in June Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff."—Byron.

are made upon the regular forces of grammar—and various verbs are disarmed and substantives disabled. Here and there a whole sentence is put to the rout with severe loss of meaning! We absolve the Captain from all admonition on this point—because we look upon General Dionysius Lardner as responsible for the order and regularity of this department of the Cabinet corps. An editor of a large army of volumes—a sort of Literary Field Marshal—ought to see that his officers are competent men, before he trusts important operations to their execution or command. We know that sensible livery-stable keepers invariably use a *break* for the exercise and tuition of indiscreet or unruly animals;—and we see no reason why editors over a large stable of volumes, should not try their writers in a Magazine-break, before they hazard them in single harness. Lindley Murray himself could not drive our author at times—as witness the following holes through the grammatical dashing-board:—

"It was near dark when the firing ceased." p. 61.
 "The British factories were expelled; the British minister dismissed," p. 76.

"The wretch himself, with two hundred of his followers, were imprisoned," p. 92.

"And that noisy crowd of animals and followers which mark the presence of an army," p. 117.

"It was broad and swollen, and rushed along rapid in its wintry strength," p. 167.

"They advanced rapid and firm, and ascended the steep and rugged face of the hill," p. 242.

"Soldiers of both went down to drink, and looked each other in the face friendly," p. 243.

"And, after all, scarce sufficient to support them," p. 248.

"As a consequence of these privations, the loss and sickness of the English horses was so great, that in the middle of August," p. 259.

"The garrison and the citizens fed hard and scantily," p. 282.

The schoolmaster does indeed appear to be abroad!

The names are, as usual in English historical works, mis-spelt with infinite ingenuity. Our author ought to have known that the Spaniards call England, *Inglaterra*, not *Inghilterra*, (p. 94).—The world too is called *Mundo*, not *Mondo*, (id.).—*Benevente* is blundered into '*Benevente*' in the Library, (p. 99—183—184).—And *Belveder* is turned into '*Belvedere*,' (p. 149).—The mistakes of this kind are endless: '*in mesa*,' instead of *en el mes*, (p. 266), '*disputado*' instead of *disputado*, and '*vendito*' and '*perdito*' in the place of *vendido* and *perdido*, (p. 267). But enough of these verbal inaccuracies.

We have now done.† The work, of which this is the first victim, can never go on and prosper, unless authors really competent to manage the subjects they undertake, be selected;—and, unless the editor condescends to do some of that humble work of omission and emendation—which the common reader of the printing-office leaves to his care. Messrs. Longman & Co. and Doctor Lardner announce this ruby-backed publication through such very brazen trumpets,‡ that if

† The second volume of these Memoirs is advertised to be published on the first of April! As old Marcell says, "It is most fitting, sir!"

‡ We last week offered an observation or two on the Napier Letters, and ventured to express an opinion, that the "impudent forgery" would be made to ring in the public ear. On Saturday last, the repulse by Napier the second of the sally of Napier the first, was followed up, helter-skelter, by the allied powers of Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, & Green;—and the

we, as sturdy critics, were not to speak up, and that with no "loud weakness" of voice—the deafened public would only hear the eternal and dinning sounds of self-praise from editor and publisher. We confess that this miserable volume has made us "fret handsome" under our labours, and scared almost to flight "the golden eagle" of our patience!

We intend, as honest conservators of the book world, to "bear a wary eye" upon the future volumes of this marvellous Library. If it be to live, it must indeed "mend its cakelology!"

The Songs of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd.

[Second Notice.]

THE heroic songs of the Ettrick Shepherd are not quite so much to his own liking as those of the plaintive and gentle kind, nor are they to ours. For pictures of innocence and simplicity—domestic affection and chaste endearment—few have equalled him; nevertheless, we are glad to see some of his national songs included in this collection. The far-famed 'Donald McDonald' was our favourite when numbered among those volunteers who enrolled themselves so readily to confront the "army of England," led by Napoleon. It made, at every mustering, the hills and dales of old Scotland ring. "I wrote it," says the author, "when a barefooted lad, herding lambs on the Blackhouse Heights, in utter indignation at the threatened invasion from France. But after it had had run through the three kingdoms, like fire set to heather, no one ever knew or inquired who was the author." Inquiries, we remember well, were made, and the answer was, "a shepherd in the wild moorlands." But those whose work it wrought forbore to inquire. The government rewarded paltry pamphlets, and paid still more paltry newspapers; but had not the sense to see that lyrics such as those of Burns and Hogg, which moved the hearts and strung the nerves of the peasant population, were worth a thousand of such things.

following advertisement really makes the result of the struggle very complete and triumphant. We only hope no straggling rogues about the Row will, for the sake of the reward, find out the hand-writing, and try for the "fifty." There is always something mightily suspicious in your "fifty"—the discovery of impossibilities is generally invited at this price. There is a man keeping a coffee-shop in St. Giles's, which is the *Row* of Holborn, who offers a reward of "fifty" to any one who will prove that there is a better coffee-shop in existence. Of course, it would be difficult, even in a coffee question, to find grounds for proof. "Fifty" is the age of Cunning—the very number of Cunning's residence. Lord Byron has a delectably-searching stanza on this same "fifty."

"When people say, 'I've told you fifty times,'

They mean to scold, and very often do:

When people say, 'I've written fifty rhymes,'

They make you dread that they'll recite them too.

In gangs of fifty, thieves commit their crimes—"

But this is getting on dangerous poetry. Here is the advertisement:—

"FIFTY GUINEAS REWARD.—*Cabinet Library*.—A letter having appeared in *The Times* newspaper of the 6th inst., bearing the signature of Colonel Napier, author of a 'History of the Peninsular War,' and Colonel Napier having, by a statement published in the same paper on the 7th inst., declared the said letter to be a forgery, we, the undersigned, hereby offer a reward of Fifty Guineas to any person who will identify the hand-writing of the original letter, or give such information as will lead to the detection of the writer, or the parties concerned in it.

"LONGMAN, REES, ORME & Co., Paternoster Row."

We have heard, and we believe, that the author of the first volume of the Memoirs of Wellington, is inimical to the trade management of this matter; and although we have spoken freely and censuringly of the book, we think it right, in this particular, to acquit the author.

"The Skylark," says the Shepherd bard, "is a little pastoral song, worth half a dozen of the foregoing" ('Donald McDonald'). It has great happiness of thought and language; and if the music to which it is set speaks, the words, in the phrase of Cowley, may be said to dance:—

The Skylark.

Bird of the wilderness,
 Blithecome and cumberless,
 Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place—
 O to abide in the desert with thee!
 Wild is thy lay and loud,
 Far in the downy cloud,
 Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
 Where, on thy dewy wing,
 Where art thou journeying?
 Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.
 O'er fell and fountain sheen,
 O'er moor and mountain green,
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
 Over the clondlet dim,
 Over the rainbow's rim,
 Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
 Then, when the gloaming comes,
 Low in the heather blooms
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place—
 O to abide in the desert with thee!

The 'Farewell to Glen-Shalloch,' is a Jacobite song set (says Hogg,) to an old Highland melody, by the late R. A. Smith, to whom the vocal melodies of Scotland are more indebted than to any man that ever existed." We cordially concur with the poet in this opinion. Smith was a composer eminent for fine Scottish taste and deep feeling. He died comparatively young.

Farewell to Glen-Shalloch.

Farewell to Glen-Shalloch,
 A farewell for ever!
 Farewell to my wee cot
 That stands by the river!
 The fall is loud sounding
 In voices that vary,
 And the echoes surrounding
 Lament with my Mary.
 I saw her last night,
 'Mid the rocks that enclose them,
 With a child at her knee,
 And a child at her bosom;
 I heard her sweet voice
 'Mid the depth of my slumber,
 And the sang that she sung
 Was of sorrow and cumber.
 "Sleep sound, my sweet babe,
 There is naught to alarm thee;
 The sons of the valley
 No power have to harm thee!
 I'll sing thee to rest
 In the balloch untrodden,
 With a coronach sad
 For the slain of Culloden!
 "The brave were betray'd,
 And the tyrant is daring
 To trample and waste us,
 Unpitied, unsparing!
 Thy mother no voice has,
 No feeling that changes,
 No word, sign, or song,
 But the lesson of vengeance!
 "I'll tell thee, my son,
 How our haeles are withering;
 I'll bind on thy sword
 When the clansmen are gathering;
 I'll bid thee go forth
 In the cause of true honour,
 And never return
 Till thy country hath won her!
 "Our tower of devotion
 Is the home of the reaver;
 The pride of the ocean
 Is fallen for ever!
 The pride of the forest,
 That time could not weaken,
 Is trod in the dust,
 And its honours are shaken!
 "Rise, spirits of yore,
 Ever dauntless in danger!
 For the land that was yours
 Is the land of the stranger.
 O come from your caverns,
 All bloodless and hoary,
 And these fiends of the valley
 Shall tremble before ye!"

'When the Kye comes Hame' is a favourite with the author, and so will it be with all persons acquainted with the agricultural and pastoral people of the north. It is the image of their minds, and the echo of their sentiments. It made one of several songs in that wild romance called the 'Three Perils of Man.' Hogg, who is not over solicitous about grammar, knowing that it is a trade by itself, wrote it at first as we have, and ventured to sing it so: he was rebuked by a tailor, who exclaimed, "It's awfully affected that;—sing, when the kye comes hame." He stood corrected, and sung it so; and, what was bolder, printed it—look and read:—

When the Kye comes Hame.

Come all ye jolly shepherds
That whistle through the glen,
I'll tell ye of a secret
That courtiers dinna ken:
What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name?
'Tis to woo a bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloaming and the mirk,
When the kye comes hame.
'Tis not beneath the coronet,
Nor canopy of state;
'Tis not on couch of velvet,
Nor harbour of the great—
'Tis beneath the spreading birk,
In the glen without the name,
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,
When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame, &c.

There the blackbird bigs his nest
For the mate he loes to see,
And on the topmost bough,
O, a happy bird is he;
Where he pours his melting ditty,
And love is a' the theme,
And he'll woo his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame, &c.

When the blewart bears a pearl,
And the daisy turns a pea,
And the bonny lucken gowan
Has fauldit up her ee,
Then the laverock frae the blue lift
Drops down, an' thinks nae shame
To woo his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame, &c.

See yonder pawkie shepherd,
That lingers on the hill,
His ewes are in the fauld,
An' his lambs are lying still;
Yet he downa gang to bed,
For his heart is in a flame,
To meet his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame, &c.

When the little wee bit heart
Rises high in the breast,
And the little wee bit starn
Rises red in the east,
O there's a joy sae dear,
That the heart can hardly frame,
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,
When the kye comes hame!
When the kye comes hame, &c.

Then since all nature joins
In this love without alloy,
O, wha wad prove a traitor
To Nature's dearest joy?
Or wha wad choose a crown,
Wi' its perils and its fame,
And miss his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame?
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloaming and the mirk,
When the kye comes hame!

"The following," says the poet, "is my own favourite humorous song, when forced to sing by ladies against my will, which too frequently happens; and notwithstanding my woodnotes wild, it will never be sung so well again." The Shepherd sings a good song—plays a good fiddle—and, in his border-club coat of Lincoln-green, with

buttons like saucers, can dance a good reel, albeit his locks be grey: he is a man of many attractions.

The Women Fo'k.

O sairly may I rue the day
I fancied first the womenkin;
For aye sainsyne I de'er can hae
A quiet thought or peace o' mind!
They hae plagued my heart and pleased my ee,
An' teased an' flatter'd me at will,
But aye, for a' their witchery,
The pawky things I lo'e them still.
O the women fo'k! O the women fo'k!
But they hae been the wreck o' me;
O weary fa' the women fo'k,
For they winna let a body be!

I hae thought an' thought, but darena tell,
I've studied them wi' a' my skill,
I've lo'd them better than mysell,
I've tried again to like them ill.
Wha sairest tries, will sairest rue,
To comprehend what nae man can;
When he has done what nae man can do,
He'll end at last where he began.
O the women fo'k, &c.

That they hae gentle forms an' meet,
A man wi' half a look may see!
An' gracefu' airs, an' faces sweet,
An' waving curls aboon the bree;
An' smiles as soft as the young rose-bud,
An' een sae pawky, bright, an' rare,
Wad lure the laverock frae the cludd—
But, laddie, seek to ken nae mair!
O the women fo'k, &c.

Even but this night nae farther gane,
The date is neither lost nor lang,
I tak ye witness ilka ane,
How fell they fought, and fairly dang.
Their point they've carried right or wrang,
Wi'out a reason, rhyme, or law,
An' forced a man to sing a sang,
That na'er could sing a verse ava.
O the women fo'k! O the women fo'k!
But they hae been the wreck o' me;
O weary fa' the women fo'k,
For they winna let a body be!

There is something at once so artless and so sweet in the following song, that we cannot pass it without notice. There are songs here and elsewhere with loftier words, but few with more natural sentiments:—

When Maggy gangs away.

O what will a' the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?
O what will a' the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?
There's na a heart in a' the glen
That disna dread the day.
O what will a' the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?

Young Jock has ta'en the hill for't—
A waefu' a'ight is he;
Poor Harry's ta'en the bed for't,
An' laid him down to dea;
An' Sandy's gane unto the kirk,
And learnin' fast to pray.
And, O, what will the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?

The young laird o' the Lang-Shaw
Has drunk her health in wine;
The priest has said—in confidence—
The lassie was divine—
And that is mair in maiden's praise
Than any priest should say:
But, O, what will the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?

The wailing in our green glen
That day will quaver high,
'T will draw the redbreast frae the wood,
'The laverock frae the sky;
The fairies frae their beds o' dew
Will rise an' join the lay:
An' hey! what a day will be
When Maggy gangs away!

'The Witch's Chant' comes like a raven's croak amid a conclave of blackbirds. "It belongs to an unearthly tragedy of mine," says Hogg, "the poetry of which has astounded me." The Shepherd is not easily scared, and we have no doubt of the play being reasonably wild. The song, he assures us, in language too graphic to be quoted, is gentle in comparison:—

A Witch's Chant.

Thou art weary, weary, weary,
Thou art weary and far away,
Hear me, gentle spirit, hear me,
Come before the dawn of day.

I hear a small voice from the hill,
The vapour is deadly, pale, and still—
A murmuring sigh is on the wind,
And the witching star is red as blood.
And in the cleft of heaven I scan
The giant form of a naked man,
His eye is like the burning brand,
And he holds a sword in his right hand.
All is not well. By dint of spell
Somewhere between the heaven and hell
There is this night a wild derry,
The spirits hae wander'd from their way.

The purple drops shall tinge the moon
As she wanders through the midnight noon;
And the dawning heaven shall all be red
With blood by guilty angels shed.

Be as it will, I have the skill
To work by good or work by ill;
Then here's for pain, and here's for thrall,
And here's for conscience, worst of all.

Another chant, and then, and then,
Spirits shall come or Christian men—
Come from the earth, the air, or the sea,
Great Gil-Moiles, I cry to thee!

Sleep'st thou, wakest thou, lord of the wind;
Mount thy steeds and gallop them blind;
And the long-tailed fiery dragon outfly,
The rocket of heaven, the bomb of the sky.

Over the dog-star, over the wain,
Over the cloud, and the rainbow's mane,
Over the mountain, and over the sea,
Haste—haste—haste to me!

Then here's for trouble, and here's for smart,
And here's for the pang that seeks the heart;
Here's for madness, and here's for thrall,
And here's for conscience, the worst of all!

Of another tone is the following little lyric. We imagine, as we chaunt it, that the young lady is before us, it is so simple and so graphic:—

Appie McGie.

O Love has done muckle in city an' glen,
In tears of the women, an' vows of the men;
But the sweet little rogue, wi' his visions o' bliss,
Has never done aught sae unhallow'd as this.
For what do ye think!—at a dance on the green,
Afore the dew fell through the gloaming yestreen,
He has woundit the bosom, an' blindit the ee,
Of the flower o' our valley, young Appie McGie.
Young Appie was sweet as the zephyr of even,
And blithe as the laverock that carols in heaven;
As bonny as ever was bud o' the thorn,
Or rose that unfolds to the breath o' the morn.
Her form was the fairest o' Nature's design,
And her soul was as pure as her face was divine.
Ah, Love! 'tis a shame that a model so true,
By thee should be melted and moulded anew.
The little pale flow'ers blush deep for thy blame;
The fringe o' the daisy is purple wi' shame;
The health-breeze, that kisses the cheeks o' the free,
Has a tint of the mellow soft-breathings of thee.
Of all the wild wasters of glee and of hue,
And eyes that have depths o' the ocean of blue,
Love, thou art the chief!—And I shame upon thee,
For this deed thou hast done to young Appie McGie.

There is something inexpressibly tender and affecting in

I hae Naeboddy now.

I hae naeboddy now, I hae naeboddy now
To meet me upon the green,
Wi' light locks waving o'er her brow,
An' joy in her deep blue een;
Wi' the raptured kiss an' the happy smile,
An' the dance o' the lightsome lay,
An' the wee bit tale o' news the while;
That had happen'd when I was away.
I hae naeboddy now, I hae naeboddy now
To clasp to my bosom at even,
O'er her calm sleep to breathe the vow,
An' pray for a blessing from heaven,
An' the wild embrace, an' the gleesome face
In the morning that met my eye,
Where are they now, where are they now!
In the cauld, cauld grave they lie.
There's naeboddy kens, there's naeboddy kens,
An' O may they never prove,
That sharpest degree o' agony
For the child o' their earthly love—
To see a flower in its vernal hour
By slow degrees decay,
Then calmly aneath the hand o' death
Breathe its sweet soul away.

O dinna break, my poor auld heart,
Nor at thy loss repine,
For the unseen hand that threw the dart
Was sent frae her Father and thine;
Yet I maun mourn, an' I will mourn,
Even till my latest day,
For though my darling can never return,
I can follow the sooner away.

We are unable to make room for a tenth part of the songs we have marked, and must have done. We cannot, however, bid farewell to the volume, without again soliciting for its author the attention of all lovers of genius.

Poetry, indeed, in these our latter days, is neither rewarded nor encouraged. The genius which desires the country's aid must not come clothed in humility, but like an armed man, and then it will likely be listened to. The Royal Society of Literature ought to open its doors, and hold out its hand to the Ettrick Shepherd. Of all the ten members who enjoy each a hundred a year, there is not one more worthy than he; and if genius—true original genius—were the rule of admission, as it ought, who but Coleridge would come in before him?—and even of this precedence we are far from certain.

DR. LARDNER'S CABINET CYCLOPEDIA.

A Preliminary Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy. By J. F. W. Herschel, M.A. London, 1831. Longman & Co.

WHATEVER may have been our opinion of the design and execution of the former numbers of the Cabinet Cyclopædia, our knowledge of the qualifications of Mr. Herschel predisposed us to form high expectations of this volume. Few men of the present day possess in an equal degree the same abilities and acquirements. His former works afford ample evidence of his being endowed with that discriminative acumen and sagacity necessary to the successful pursuit of original research, and the power of generalizing, to form those comprehensive views, which give science its value and dignity. Moreover, he has shown an extensive and minute acquaintance with almost every branch of modern science, and a facility of communicating to others his own acquisitions in perspicuous and appropriate language. The volume before us is in most respects calculated to sustain this high reputation; while its defects are inseparable from the necessity of compressing into so small a space, and rendering sufficiently popular, the numerous topics it presents, and the complex processes it unfolds. It is, unquestionably, the weightiest objection that can be urged against these cheap publications, that they preclude the possibility of complete justice being done to any subject. The cause of science immediately, and the public ultimately, must suffer.

This discourse is, we conceive, of importance sufficient to claim an extended notice, and (as is our wont) a just and accurate appreciation of its merits and demerits. Its design is threefold: 1st, to illustrate and enforce the dignity and importance of the physical sciences; 2nd, to explain in full the method by which alone they can be successfully pursued; and, 3rd, to exhibit the result of the pursuit in the present state of each particular department.

The first division, although evidently introduced in deference to the popular character of the work, is not deficient in striking views and apt illustrations. It opens with a correct

view of the faculties and fundamental powers of man as the basis of all science—urges the important consideration, that the tendency of scientific pursuits is favourable to the development of intellectual and moral character, and recommends them as a source of pure and elevated enjoyment. The question of how far an acquaintance with abstract science is essential to the knowledge of physics, is discussed, and Mr. Herschel determines that, although not together indispensable, it is yet very desirable, inasmuch as it enables us to understand the extraordinary results arrived at by mathematicians by *à priori* reasoning, which subsequent experiment has verified: for instance:—

"An eminent living geometer had proved by calculations, founded on strict optical principles, that in the *centre of the shadow* of a small circular plate of metal, exposed in a dark room to a beam of light emanating from a *very small brilliant point*, there ought to be no darkness,—in fact, *no shadow* at that place; but, on the contrary, a degree of illumination precisely as bright as if the metal plate were away. Strange and even impossible as this conclusion may seem, it has been put to the trial, and found perfectly correct." p. 33.

In treating of the nature, objects and application of physical science, an opportunity is afforded for the selection of examples drawn from the latest and most brilliant discoveries and inventions, and, moreover, some curious blunders—which, together, distinctly prove that the power of man over nature is limited only by one condition, that it must be exercised in conformity with the laws of nature.

"After the invention of the diving-bell, and its success in subaqueous processes, it was considered highly desirable to devise some means of remaining for any length of time under water, and rising at pleasure without assistance, so as either to examine, at leisure, the bottom, or perform, at ease, any work that might be required. Some years ago, an ingenious individual proposed a project by which this end was to be accomplished. It consisted in sinking the hull of a ship made quite water-tight, with the decks and sides strongly supported by shores, and the only entry secured by a stout trap-door, in such a manner, that by disengaging, from within, the weights employed to sink it, it might rise of itself to the surface. To render the trial more satisfactory, and the result more striking, the projector himself made the first essay. It was agreed that he should sink in twenty fathoms water, and rise again without assistance at the expiration of twenty-four hours. Accordingly, making all secure, fastening down his trap-door, and provided with all necessaries, as well as with the means of making signals to indicate his situation, this unhappy victim of his own ingenuity entered and was sunk. No signal was made, and the time appointed elapsed. An immense concourse of people had assembled to witness his rising, but in vain: for the vessel was never seen more. The pressure of the water at so great a depth had, no doubt, been completely under-estimated, and the sides of the vessel being at once crushed in, the unfortunate projector perished before he could even make the signal concerted to indicate his distress." 46.

But the most important part of this work is included in the second division of the subject. It need scarcely be mentioned here, that to Lord Bacon we are indebted for the great general principle of the method now universally pursued in the investigation of nature, namely, that of induction. And, so clearly was this principle developed and elucidated by its illustrious author, and so

valuable a system of rules deduced, even from his slight acquaintance with physics, that it speedily changed the whole aspect of human affairs. But, although he exerted an almost prophetic power in tracing the boundaries of the unexplored regions of knowledge, it was impossible for him to provide minutely for every application of his principle. Indeed, he himself contemplated his method in an aspect so general, as to embrace not merely physical, but mental, moral, and political science. Consequently, in its application to the infinitely diversified objects of research presented in a minute investigation of nature, it has, in its details, undergone many important modifications; or rather, new rules have been deduced from the operation of the numerous additional powers and tendencies elicited, that could not have been anticipated. In this there is an analogy with the discovery by the mariner of the trade-winds, local currents, and other circumstances, at variance with his previous experience, and requiring an adaptation of his resources, but by no means a change in his fundamental plan. To fill up in any of the great divisions of science, the outline so splendidly sketched by Bacon, has been considered by most of his successors an achievement worthy of the most brilliant talents. Were this effected, every especial department would doubtless require some rules peculiar to itself, and adapted to the nature of the objects with which it is conversant. A systematic enumeration of all the *general* rules, and under their proper divisions, the *especial* rules for directing the human mind in its investigations, has been called (somewhat improperly) a *Comprehensive System of Logic*; and many distinguished philosophers have delighted to contemplate their own investigations, as contributing a portion to the gradually accumulating materials for such a system. Dugald Stewart, in particular, observes, that it is the duty of all who devote themselves to scientific pursuits to treasure up carefully, as materials, to be collected and arranged afterwards by others, whatever general rules or methods may have occurred to them in the course of their studies. Even at present, says he, numberless scattered lights might be gathered from the labours of our predecessors, nor would it be possible to supply a desideratum of greater value to philosophy than to concentrate these dispersed rays, and to throw them on the regions yet to be explored! Now, this augmentation and advancement of Bacon's method of philosophising, is precisely what Mr. Herschel has aimed at as far as its application to the physical sciences; and, in spite of the brief space allotted to it (147 pages), which we cannot but lament, he has rendered the student of natural philosophy and the general philosophical inquirer, no inconsiderable benefit. But, here we must suggest, that he might have greatly augmented the benefit, if he had followed one step farther the example of Bacon, who, not contented with the great general principle he discovered and explained, nor with exhausting the whole mass of physical knowledge attained in his age to illustrate and enforce it, as he had done in the *Novum Organon Scientiarum*; proceeded, in his treatise *De Augmentis Scientiarum*, to map out not merely the regions of science already known, but to indicate the probable direction and

boundaries of unexplored seas, unknown territories, untrodden tracts, and unapplied capabilities of human power. Sciences, which in his day had scarcely been dreamed of, have arisen from his suggestions and advanced rapidly to a level with the oldest and most important, and it is impossible to read that treatise—pregnant is it with thought—without believing that others yet in embryo might be evolved from the obscure lineaments traced in almost every page.

Would it not be possible to pursue such a plan in the present advanced state of knowledge? to exhibit all the indications afforded, however obscure, of the field for future investigations? Mr. Herschel could certainly have done this, either instead of, or in addition to the summary statement (which constitutes his third division,) in which he has brought together the results of the general examination of nature, so far as it has been prosecuted to the discovery of natural agents, and the mode in which they act.

Having thus explained the aim and extent of the subject, and the point at which Mr. Herschel found the inquiry as left by Bacon, we proceed to give a faint outline of it.

Experience, as derived from observation or experiment, is the only ground of physical inquiry. In the study, we must dismiss all preconceived notions, whether derived from opinion, or the errors of sense. Again—necessary relations, such as are contemplated by *abstract science*, have no place here. Causes and effects, and laws, which for aught we can perceive, might have been other than they are, are the great objects of research.

"A clever man, shut up alone and allowed unlimited time, might reason out for himself all the truths of mathematics, by proceeding from those simple notions of space and number of which he cannot divest himself without ceasing to think. But he could never tell, by any effort of reasoning, what would become of a lump of sugar if immersed in water, or what impression would be produced on his eye by mixing the colours yellow and blue." p. 76.

Phenomena are the signals, or sensible results of processes and operations carried on among external objects or their constituent principles. Now, these processes may in some instances be analyzed and shown to consist in the motions or other affections of sensible objects themselves. On the other hand, many we can trace no farther than the mere sensation, as in the taste of bodies, yet which depend on processes too subtle for us to perceive. For example:—

"A solution of the salt called by chemists *nitrate of silver*, and another of the *hyposulphite of soda*, have each of them separately, when taken into the mouth, a disgustingly bitter taste; but if they be mixed, or if one be tasted before the mouth is thoroughly cleared of the other, the sensible impression is that of intense sweetness. Again, the salt called *tungstate of soda* when first tasted is sweet, but speedily changes to an intense and pure bitter, like quassia." p. 86.

How far we may be ever able to attain a knowledge of the ultimate processes or causes of sensible qualities, we may learn by reflecting, that the only act of direct causation of which we are conscious—that of originating force, and producing its signal motion—is involved in utter obscurity. Hence, to limit our views to the discovery of laws and the analysis of complex phenomena, is all that remains. In separating complicated pheno-

mena, when we come to those we can no longer subdivide, we take them (provisionally) as ultimate or individual facts, and then, by comparison, perceive the agreements among them: the abstracting and statement of these resemblances, we call a law—a general fact; and, when we have amassed a store of these, we proceed to a higher species of classification, until we arrive at axioms of the highest degree of generality of which science is capable. One chapter is devoted to the state of science previous to the age of Galileo and Bacon, when these objects of research were unheeded. In the observation of facts, such only are to be regarded as happen invariably under the same circumstances, every minutiae accompanying, ought to be noted, and a precise quantitative statement given, where they admit of numeration or measurement. Number is an object of sense, but for admeasurements of weight, dimension, time, &c., certain standards are fixed upon as a preliminary step, and instruments aid us in their estimation. The infinite number and variety of objects in nature, require a correct nomenclature to indicate and methodize them. Experience having shown that some phenomena depend on others, as causes, we are furnished, as science advances, with a multitude to which we may refer such phenomena as are presented for explanation. By experiment, we are enabled to produce new facts, and thus together advance to the knowledge of the analogies and relations among phenomena, and trace their general causes. Lastly, by the consideration of these laws, and the proximate causes, so discovered, a higher degree of inductive generalization is attained, and theories are formed and exercised.

The principles brought to bear upon these processes in this treatise, are such as a general acquaintance with science alone could supply; the rules laid down, and the examples and illustrations offered, are certainly most striking and appropriate; and we cheerfully commend the whole to the attentive regard of every student of nature and every general reader.

The Life of Sir Humphry Davy, Bart., LL.D. By John Ayrton Paris, M.D. London, 1831. Colburn & Bentley.

For the volume, just published, of 'Moore's Life of Byron,' Mr. Murray charges the sum of two guineas; for 'The Life of Davy,' Messrs. Colburn & Bentley expect three. Both are quartos—the one has an expensive quarto engraving, the other is embellished with an octavo portrait: and although the Life of Davy costs one-third more money, it contains one-third less letter-press than the Byron!†—Now and then, by way of relaxation from the labour of wading through the trashy volumes of the day, we indulge ourselves with studying some old black-letter law books, which have come down to us, time out of mind, with other antiquities—in one of these we recently pounced upon a statute, which is, we believe, still in force. One of its provisions might be very well brought to bear against the "unreasonable price" of the volume before us.

"Provided always, and be it enacted by the authority aforesaid, That if any of the said printers or sellers of

printed books inhabiting within this realm, at any time hereafter happen in such wise to enhance or increase the prices of any such printed books, in sale or binding, at too high and unreasonable prices, in such wise as complaint be made thereof unto the king's highness, or unto the lord chancellor, lord treasurer, and two chief justices, or two or any of them shall have power and authority to enquire thereof, as well by the oaths of twelve honest and discreet persons as otherwise by due examination by their discretions. And after the same enhancing and increasing of the said prices of the said book and binding shall be so found by the said twelve men, or otherwise by examination the said lord chancellor, lord treasurer, and justices, or two of them; then the same lord chancellor, lord treasurer, and two justices at the least, from time to time, shall have power and authority to reform and redress such enhancing of the prices of printed books from time to time by their discretions, and to limit prices as well of the books as for the binding of them; and over that the offender or offenders thereof being convict by the examination of the same lord chancellor, lord treasurer, and justices, or two of them, or otherwise, shall lose and forfeit for every book by them sold, whereof the price shall be enhanced for the book or binding thereof, three shillings and four-pence; the one half thereof shall be paid to the king's highness, and the other half to the parties grieved, that will complain upon the same in manner and form before rehearsed."

It really is too bad to deprive the public of a good book, by such an unconscionable charge. This, however, is almost the only fault we have to find with the work. Dr. Paris has written the memoirs of his friend with an impartiality rarely found in contemporary biography. The review of "Salmonia" might, indeed, have been dispensed with—the long notice of his posthumous work might have been contracted or omitted—his poetic trifles (very trifling, at best,) might have lain in quiet obscurity, and the book would have been the better for these omissions and curtailments—but still it is valuable, candid, and perhaps satisfactory. Its style, however, would have been greatly improved if Dr. Paris had written with less ambition: fine writing may do for a work of imagination; plain language is imperatively necessary to a good biographer.

Davy was born at Penzance in 1788, of a respectable family. His father was the "last of the Carvers"—an art which declined with Gibbons, and may now be considered as nearly lost. When a child, he exhibited powers of mind superior to his years.

"The book that engaged his earliest attention was 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' a production well calculated, from the exuberance of its invention, and the rich colouring of its fancy, for seizing upon the ardent imagination of youth. This pleasing work, it will be remembered, was the early and especial favourite of Dr. Franklin, who never alluded to it but with feelings of the most lively delight.

"Shortly afterwards, he commenced reading history, particularly that of England; and at the age of eight years he would, as if impressed with the powers of oratory, collect together a number of boys in a circle, and mounting a cart or carriage that might be standing before the inn near Tonkin's house, harangue them on different subjects, and offer such comments as his own ideas might suggest." p. 4.

He varied amusements considerably, for he "was, moreover, at this age, a great lover of the marvellous, and amused himself and his schoolfellows by composing stories of romance and tales of chivalry, with all the fluency of an Italian improvisatore; and joyfully would he have issued forth, armed *cap-à-pie*, in search of adventures, and to free the world of dragons and giants." p. 4.

At an early age he was placed at Penzance Grammar School, where he became a pretty good scholar, an indifferent angler, and a middling marksman.

He "was also in the frequent habit of writing verses and ballads; of making fireworks, and

†The Life of Davy contains 547 pages:—there are 823 in the second volume of Moore's Byron.

of preparing a particular detonating composition, to which he gave the name of "Thunder-powder," and which he would explode on a stone to the great wonder and delight of his young playfellows.

"Another of his favourite amusements may also be recorded in this place; for, however trifling in itself the incident may appear, to the biographer it is full of interest, as tending to show the early existence of that passion for experiment, which afterwards rose so nobly in its aims and objects, as the mind expanded with the advancement of his years. It consisted in scooping out the inside of a turnip, placing a lighted candle in the cavity, and then exhibiting it as a lamp; by the aid of which he would melt fragments of tin, obtained from the metallic blocks which commonly lie about the streets of a coinage town, and demand from his companions a certain number of pins for the privilege of witnessing the operation." * * *

"When at home, he frequently amused himself with reading and sketching, and sometimes with caricaturing any thing which struck his fancy; on some occasions he would shut himself up in his room, arrange the chairs, and lecture to them by the hour together.

"I have been informed by one of his school-fellows, a gentleman now highly distinguished for his literary attainments, that, in addition to the amusements already noticed, he was very fond of playing at 'Tournament,' fabricating shields and visors of pasteboard, and lances of wood, to which he gave the appearance of steel by means of black-lead. Thus equipped, the juvenile combatants, like Ascanius and the Trojan youths of classic recollection, would tilt at each other, and perform a variety of warlike evolutions." p. 5-6.

In 1793, he was removed to Truro School. "Dr. Cardew found him very deficient in the qualifications for the Class of his age, but on observing the quickness of his talents, and his aptitude for learning, he did not place him in a lower form, telling him that by industry and attention he trusted he might be entitled to keep the place assigned to him; which, his sister says, 'he did, to the entire satisfaction of his master.'" p. 7.

The next year he lost his father, and, in 1795, was apprenticed to Mr. Borlase, (the only surgeon) in Penzance.

"His mind had, for some time, been engrossed with philosophical pursuits; but until after he had been placed with Mr. Borlase, it does not appear that he indicated any decided turn for chemistry, the study of which he then commenced with all the ardour of his temperament; and his eldest sister, who acted as his assistant, well remembers the ravages committed on her dress by corrosive substances." p. 9.

During this time he acquired a smattering of French, but never "could speak it either with correctness or fluency."

"While with Mr. Borlase, it was his constant custom to walk in the evening to Marazion, to drink tea with an aunt to whom he was greatly attached. Upon such occasions, his usual companion was a hammer, with which he procured specimens from the rocks on the beach. In short, it would appear that, at this period, he paid much more attention to Philosophy than to Physic; that he thought more of the bowels of the earth, than of the stomachs of his patients; and that, when he should have been bleeding the sick, he was opening veins in the granite. Instead of preparing medicines in the surgery, he was experimenting in Mr. Tonkin's garret, which had now become the scene of his chemical operations; and, upon more than one occasion, it is said that he produced an explosion which put the Doctor, and all his glass bottles, in jeopardy. 'This boy

Humphry is incorrigible!'—'Was there ever so idle a dog!'—'He will blow us all into the air!' Such were the constant exclamations of Mr. Tonkin; and then, in a jocular strain, he would speak of him as the 'Philosopher,' and sometimes call him 'Sir Humphry,' as if prophetic of his future renown." p. 10-11.

He had great disrelish for surgery, and gave all his attention to philosophy and chemistry; before this he had been poetically inclined. Dr. Paris says,

"I am assured by Dr. Batten that, at the age of twelve years, he had finished an epic poem, which he entitled the 'Tydidia,' from its celebrating the adventures of Diomed on his return from the Trojan war. It is much to be regretted that not even a fragment of this poem should have been preserved; but Dr. Batten well remembers that it was characterised by great freedom of invention, vigour of description, and wildness of execution." p. 15.

He also, at seventeen, made sonnets on a French lady at Penzance, none of which (happily) are extant. In the 'Annual Anthology,' edited by Southey and Tobin, some of his poems are inserted. His biographer places them "on record,"—we think they might as well have been omitted.

We have alluded to the ambitious, stilted style adopted by Dr. Paris; the following remarks on the said poems are in the vein we complain of:—

"That the Genius who presided over the destinies of Davy should have torn him from these flowery regions of Fancy, and condemned him to labour in the dusky caverns of the mineral kingdom, has furnished a fruitful theme of lamentation to the band of Poets, and to those who prefer the amusements to the profits of life, and who cherish the hallucinations of the imagination rather than the truths of science. If, however, we regret that Davy's Muse, like Proserpine, should have been thus violently seized, and carried off to the lower regions, as she was weaving her native wild flowers into a garland, we may console ourselves in knowing that, like the daughter of Ceres, she also obtained the privilege of occasionally revisiting her native bowers; for it will appear in the course of these memoirs, that in the intervals of more abstruse studies, Davy not unfrequently amused himself with poetical composition. But, in sober truth, is it possible that any reasonable being can regret the course in which he has been impelled? A great poetic Genius has said, 'If Davy had not been the first Chemist, he would have been the first Poet of his age.' Upon this question I do not feel myself a competent judge: but where is the modern Esau who would exchange his Bakerian Lecture for a poem, though it should equal in design and execution the *Paradise Lost*?" p. 30.

It was at Penzance that he made his first original experiments; they led him to conclude "that the different orders of the marine *cryptogamia* were capable of decomposing water, when assisted by the attraction of light for oxygen." We are told that—

"His instruments, however, were of the rudest description, manufactured by himself out of the motley materials which chance threw in his way; the pots and pans of the kitchen, and even the more sacred vessels and professional instruments of the surgery, were without the least hesitation or remorse put in requisition."

He now became acquainted with Mr. D. Gilbert, and Mr. Gregory Watt, both of whom perceived and encouraged his genius. Shortly after, when Dr. Beddoes (the Plutonist) established the "Pneumatic Institution" at Bristol, young Davy was re-

commended as his assistant at the laboratory, (he had already produced a favourable impression on the Doctor, by his researches on light and heat,) and engaged. Mr. Borlase gave up his indentures with an indorsement, stating, that he did so "on account of the singularly promising talents Mr. Davy had displayed." He quitted Penzance in October, 1798, and—

"No sooner had Davy found himself in a situation which secured for him the necessities of life, than he renounced all claims upon his paternal property, in favour of his mother and sisters." p. 41.

At Bristol he made many friends—

"Those who had become acquainted with Davy in early life, and were enabled to watch the whole progress of his career from obscurity to the highest pinnacle of fame, have declared that his extraordinary talents never at any period excited greater astonishment and admiration than during his short residence at Bristol. His simplicity of mind and manner was also at this time truly delightful. He scarcely knew the names of our best authors, and had much less read any of their works; and yet upon topics of moral philosophy and metaphysics he would enter into discussion with acknowledged scholars, and not only delight them with the native energy of his mind, but instruct them by the novelty and truth of his conceptions. Mr. Coleridge lately expressed to me the astonishment he felt, very shortly after his introduction to him, on hearing him maintain an argument upon some abstruse subject with a gentleman equally distinguished for the extent of his erudition, and for the talent of rendering it available for illustration;—the contrast was most striking—it was the fresh and native wild flower, opposed to the elaborate exotic of the *Horæ Sicæ*!" p. 43.

He here made an immense number of chemical experiments—his situation giving him the full use of a laboratory—the results of which were published in Dr. Beddoes' 'West Country Contributions,' and also in a separate volume, (1800) to which the name 'Humphry Davy' was affixed. He severely injured his health, by breathing carburetted hydrogen gas in an experiment. It was at this time that he first ascertained the facts in voltaic electricity, which form the base of his future researches in galvanism. By this time Mr. Davy was well known as a writer and practical philosopher. After some negotiation, he was invited, by Count Rumford, to the office of Director of the laboratory of the Royal Institution, and assistant Professor of Chemistry. On March 11, 1801, he took possession of his situation.

"It is a curious fact, that the first impression produced on Count Rumford by Davy's personal appearance, was highly unfavourable to the young philosopher, and he expressed to Mr. Underwood his great regret at having been influenced by the ardour with which his suit had been urged; and he actually would not allow him to lecture in the Theatre, until he had given a specimen of his abilities in the smaller lecture-room. His first lecture, however, entirely removed every prejudice which had been formed; and at its conclusion, the Count emphatically exclaimed—'Let him command any arrangements which the Institution can afford.' He was accordingly, on the very next day, promoted to the great Theatre." p. 79-80.

In six weeks after he joined the Institution he was advanced to the office of lecturer, instead of assistant. In the next month he was requested to deliver a course of lectures

on the chemical properties of the art of tanning. On the 21st of January, 1802—

"He delivered his Introductory Lecture, to a crowded and enlightened audience in the Theatre of the Royal Institution; which was afterwards printed at the request of a respectable proportion of the Society." p. 87.

He also delivered evening lectures,* and commenced a course on galvanism. By this time he was honoured with the appointment of Professor of Chemistry: he happily had the good fortune to have his talents appreciated and rewarded.

Sometimes it is pleasant to be behind the curtain, and see great men *en dishabille* as it were—

"It is perhaps not possible to imagine a greater contrast, than between the elegant manner in which Davy conducted his experiments in the theatre, and the apparently careless and slovenly style of his manipulations in the laboratory; but in the one case he was communicating knowledge, in the other, obtaining it. Mr. Purkis relates an anecdote very characteristic of this want of refinement in his working habits. 'On one occasion, while reading over to me an introductory lecture, and wishing to expunge a needless epithet, instead of taking up the pen, he dipped his forefinger into the ink bottle, and thus blotted out the unmeaning expletive.'

"It was his habit in the laboratory, to carry on several unconnected experiments at the same time, and he would pass from one to the other without any obvious design or order; upon these occasions he was perfectly reckless of his apparatus, breaking and destroying a part, in order to meet some want of the moment. So rapid were all his movements, that, while a spectator imagined he was merely making preparations for an experiment, he was actually obtaining the results, which were just as accurate as if a much longer time had been expended. With Davy, rapidity was power." p. 96.

Having thus seen Mr. Davy beyond the first mile-stone on his journey to fame, we must conclude—with a promise to return to the examination of this interesting volume.

Memoir of the Life, Writings, and Correspondence of James Currie, M.D. F.R.S.
Edited by his Son, W. W. Currie. 2 vols.
London, 1831. Longman & Co.

Dr. Currie, the early biographer of Robert Burns, is well known by name to most people, though known to few except as the biographer of Robert Burns. That he was an informed and clever man, of right good feeling, and sound good sense, we are very willing to admit—entitled, perhaps, to a memoir in the 'Annual Obituary,' or mention in the more respectable pages of the 'Gentleman's Magazine;'—but that, a quarter of a century after he was forgotten, we should have to wade through two volumes of memoirs and letters, or be wearied with his opinions about party pamphlets and the French revolution—the good or ill of affluence in fever—and the *pro* and *con* for slavery and emancipation—with most wearisome particulars about the inimitable letter of Jasper Wilson, which no soul of the present generation ever heard of, and an elaborate criticism on the aforesaid unknown letter by his biographer—would try the patience of any man under any circumstances, much more one who has just risen from Moore's Byron, and Byron's letters. We say this with great regret. Dr. Currie was a very amiable man, and these volumes are

proof that his son is no less estimable; but not two nor twenty amiable people, of no mark or likelihood, can reconcile us to two ponderous volumes of five hundred pages each—nay not to one; for, to confess the truth, we have not, and cannot venture on the second volume. It is wholly filled with Dr. Currie's correspondence; and if that which has relation to Robert Burns, scattered over the first volume, be most tedious and dull, what temptation is there in letters to W. E., Esq.—Mrs. R— G—, To my youngest daughter at school—To Miss Cropper—and twenty other obscure and nameless people? It is true that one or two have a pleasanter address—but a letter to a man of genius is not the same thing as a letter from one.

The French Orthologer. By L. A. J. Mordaue.
London, 1830. Longman & Co.

It seems to be generally agreed by those who have studied the subject, that the system of teaching living languages must undergo a change; and many works are issuing from the press that promise an improvement in this respect. Everybody reads French, but, how few speak it easily and purely; and how few gain any varied knowledge of the authors of France, or enter with anything like discrimination into the *spirit* of their literature.

No genius on earth can make elementary instruction a romance; and certainly, one never feels properly grateful for a grammar nor yet for a dictionary;—we suppose on the same principle, that a man often fails in respect to his great aunt or his grandmother. Whether in time we shall have rail-roads for the transmission of minds, as well as goods and chattels, and whether we may ever come to *wish* ourselves into mathematics, and *look* ourselves into grammar, remains to be seen. Meanwhile, to advert to the book before us, which in a rational and quiet way purports to expedite our acquirement of the power of *conversing* in French, so that our brilliant neighbours shall not have quite such frequent occasion to shrug at our idioms engrafted upon theirs. Pronunciation is M. Mordaue's primary object. He has regularly classed all the sounds that are to be found in French, and reduced them to the most memorable compass; has demonstrated by *tabular form* whatever parts of the language would admit of such exemplification; and presented the rules of syntax in a continued and simple series of plainly-expressed rules; he has also by strictly literal translations, pointed out the radical differences between the languages. In the arrangement of the etymology, and in the classification of the various tables into which the book is divided, M. Mordaue has shown much philological acuteness and ingenuity. He does not pretend to make a royal road to the grammatical and conversational acquirement of French, but he offers an admirable clue to any one willing to take hold of it. We do not quite agree with the Professor in his estimate of the French language, as a language—and yet we are very fond of it,—but allowance must be mutually made for national prejudices and predilections. We once met a Welsh gentleman, who asserted that Adam named the beasts in Welsh; and a very clever Irish friend nearly quarrelled with us for asserting that Venice was more historically interesting than Dublin! French is the prettiest parlour tongue that ever was, or will be invented; and, in order to improve in understanding and *speaking* it, we can honestly and heartily recommend M. Mordaue's elaborate and acute "Orthologer."

The Youth's Keepsake. A Christmas and New Year's Gift for Young People. Boston, 1831. Carter & Hendel.

A very delightful little volume, and a welcome present to young people. The portrait prefixed of Garafilia Mohalbi, from a miniature by Miss Hall, is a work of more than promise. It is, however, impossible to reconcile the age at which that interesting child died with the womanly appearance of the picture—and our impression of the engraving is evidently much worn. These are objections, but allowing them their full weight, the picture does great credit to American art—it would, indeed, do credit to any school of art in Europe, and makes us regret that the publishers have not trusted wholly to native talent for their illustrations. We are sincerely of opinion, that there is more evidence of a right feeling for high art in this one native picture, than in any foreign contribution in the work. The brief memoir of that interesting child is worthy to accompany the picture; indeed, the literature generally is good, excellent in its intention, and likely to interest young people, for whose entertainment and instruction it is written.

Take it—'tis a gift of love,
That seeks thy good alone;
Keep it for the giver's sake,
And read it for thine own.

So says the motto prefixed: and so shall we say when we hand it over to one or other of — happy children, whom, in love and sport, and with an old bachelor's licence, we have characteristically named Curls and Mousetrap.

Tom Thumb; with designs by George Cruikshank. London. Rodd.

THIS is carrying on the process of illustration with some spirit: the great little Tom Thumb—Fielding's Lilliputian hero—boxed by George Cruikshank! The designs are very clever, and very laughable. The vignette at the beginning depicts the little "man who killed the giants" (as Dollalolla said) standing on the head of the far-famed red cow, and the vignette at the end represents the same miniature hero astride of the "horrid cannibal's" tail. These, therefore, with poetical and pictorial justice, may be styled *head* and *tail*-pieces. Besides these, there are, the welcome vouchsafed to the giant-conqueror, wherein the Queen looks love-struck, and Glumdalca glum, as she ought to do—the apparition of Gaffer Thumb's ghost—the lordly Grizzle dancing off to Doctors' Commons—the duel between Grizzle and Glumdalca—and the very tragic event of the cow's giving up, *not* the ghost, but the little vanquisher. All these are hit off in a playful spirit, irresistibly laugh-creative. Is it *accident*, that has made some of the *designs* give very Listonish features to the various cuts wherein Grizzle appears?

The Mayor of Garratt; illustrated with Designs by R. Seymour. Miller.

George Cruikshank had better look about him! Mr. Seymour has, in these designs, "shown fight," (we may be pardoned a phrase from the *ring*, but we do not intend arguing in a *circle*), and promises to be an "ugly customer." There is spirit and life in these designs. The frontispiece reminds us of Hogarth; there is individual character in every face. Major Sturgeon's fit of gallantry to the (we fear) too-susceptible spouse of the amazed Jerry, is something more than mirth-making. The artist's idea of beauty is of a pretty high order; Mrs. Sneak has an especial pretty foot—a slender waist (the Major evidently mistakes that *waste* for a *common* †)—a "voluptuous bend"—a small hand—a sweet smile—and a graceful carriage. The Major was a man of taste, after all! We have been speak-

† Joe Miller, 1st edition—Printer's Imp.

ing of the stolen interview in the garden; she is too haughty-looking in the design that precedes it, and in the one that follows, she looks a very virago—"the cream of tartar, and the flour of brimstone." These wood-cuts have the additional advantage—and a great one it is—of being uncommonly well cut.

The Queen's Page. A Romance. By Selina Davenport. London, 1830. Newman & Co.

THE Leadenhall Street publishers manage these things badly. Here is a romance, equal to the usual run of New Burlington Street manufacture, yet it runs a fair chance of dying, in spite of its desert. Let the publishers follow the advice we gave them heretofore—let the price be forthwith doubled, and the papers be filled with puffs—let the *Minerva Press* start a laudatory *Gazette* of its own, and the result must be, if we may judge of what has been, that the "Empire of the West" will be shaken, and the star of Colburn grow pale before that of A. K. Newman! The book is readable enough—more than west-end novels usually are—and the characters are well drawn, and it ends well. Is not this enough?

The Pursuit of Literature and Science compatible with Habits of Business. A Prize Essay by D. A. Talboys; read before the Oxford Mechanics' Institution, Dec. 1830.

WE have done Mr. Talboys—if you had scattered some half dozen essays like this over the three or four volumes, which, in the humbler capacity of bookseller, you heretofore published, it might have saved the ponderous dullness of that work from some censure. But even as a writer, we regret to see that you have a little of the heaven of learning and commonplace, Alexander, and Cæsar, and Terence, and Epictetus, must have been strangely out of place at the Mechanics' Institute; and "the envy of the world and the admiration of surrounding nations," p. 4, was out of place anywhere in December 1830. With these grains of allowance, your essay is a sound and good one.

Scientific Gazette. London. Griffiths.

THIS weekly publication—which professes to be a "record of discoveries and improvements in science, the liberal and fine arts, manufactures, agriculture, commerce, and natural history, with the proceedings of scientific societies,"—is improving as it advances. It promises to be a useful work.

Companion to the Almanack; or Year-book of General Information, for 1831. Knight.

A calendar—a summary of general information on subjects of Chronology, Geography, Statistics, &c., and a complete and comprehensive "Annual Register" of the Legislation, Statistics, and Public Improvements of 1829: this must be a valuable work. It is one of the most useful publications of the "Useful Knowledge" Society.

Time's Telescope, for 1831. Sherwood, Gilbert & Piper.

OLD Father Time is rather late in the field with his Telescope this season. The present is the best volume of the series. The work is, in truth, the parent of the *Annals*—we believe it is nearly out of its teens. The astronomical notices are very ably done—the sketches of contemporary biography are terse and accurate—the Naturalist's Calendar is full of information—the poetry, original and select, is good: but the book has been much delayed; it is far too late. There are plenty of wood-cuts, and some six or seven very passable steel engravings.

Laconics; or, the Best Words of the Best Authors. 4th edit. 3 vols. London, 1831. Sustenance.

WHEN a work once arrives at a third edition, it no longer needs the helping hand of the critic—

but a fourth is a gentle hint to those readers who have not already got it, to delay the purchase no longer. This work has, indeed, been, and deservedly, very generally commended; it is pleasant reading either for five minutes or five hours: it is full of brief sententious wisdom; it contains, literally, as described in the title-page, "the best words of the best authors," and selected with great care, in a very extensive reading.

The London University Calendar for the year 1831. Taylor.

A very useful volume, containing an account of the foundation of the University, the course of instruction pursued in the several classes, and, in fact, a complete record of all that is interesting in the history of this most useful establishment.

Anatomical Demonstrations, or Colossal Illustrations of Human Anatomy. By Professor Secrig. London, 1831. Schloss.

THIS is a very useful work to all lecturers on anatomy, and may be to all junior students;—but, the mere names and position of nerves and muscles having been acquired, it should be laid aside altogether.

Anecdotes of the French Revolution of 1830. By W. Carpenter.

HERE is a great deal of information compressed into a very small compass, and collected by one who certainly neither wants zeal nor affection for the great events of which this volume is to be the record.

The Etymological Compendium, or, Portfolio of Origins and Inventions. By William Pulleyn. London, 1831. Tegg.

THAT this work has come to a second edition is not at all extraordinary; it is literally stuffed with small print full of information. It might be very honestly called the Poor Man's Cyclopædia.

Ladies' Pocket Magazine.
Pocket Album.
Parisian Gen of Fashion. } Robins.

Extraordinary publications, when we consider the price. The melange of poetry and prose is agreeable, and the engravings are of a respectable order.

Masanello. By James Kenney. London, 1831. Moxon.

THIS opera is so well known, that we have only to announce its publication, and to say, this is a singularly elegant edition.

PAMPHLETEER

A Statement of the Consequences likely to ensue from our growing Excess of Population, if not remedied by Colonization. By John Barton. London, Harvey & Darton.

THE object of Mr. Barton's pamphlet is to call public attention to the subject of emigration.

Population, according to Mr. Barton, has increased, during the last thirty years, at the rate of two millions in ten years—a rate of increase quite unparalleled in European history. During the same period, the growth of corn has been but slightly, if at all, increased. Hitherto, he observes, little inconvenience has been felt from the disparity between the increase of food and of consumers; but what, he asks, might be the consequences, should a scarcity, like those of 1800 and 1816, recur?

The present state of population in this country, Mr. Barton contends, has no parallel but in the reign of Elizabeth and the first Stuarts. In the time of Elizabeth, an act was passed against the erecting and maintaining of cottages

—an act rendered necessary by the fearful strides of population at the period. Wages fell then as they have done in our time—crime increased with the same rapidity—and the burden of supporting the poor became then, as now, more oppressive from day to day. The symptoms at both periods have many points of resemblance. During the reigns of Elizabeth and Charles the Second, pestilence restored the balance between population and subsistence. Mr. Barton fears that the same consequences may follow ere long, unless effective measures be adopted for the relief of the poor.

Neither the prudential check of Mr. Malthus, nor the cultivation of waste lands at home, nor the use of spade cultivation, appear to Mr. Barton adequate substitutes for colonization. He recommends the adoption of Wilmot Horton's plan—government making the necessary advances, which the settler may afterwards repay.

"The emigrant being able to repay after a few years the whole expense of his emigration, the sums devoted to this purpose are not to be considered as lost, but merely as so much advanced or lent for a few years, and lent on the best security, the security of land in a progressive state of improvement; and the whole expense of maintaining an unproductive labourer at home is saved to the community. Instead of being an expensive scheme, it is therefore an extremely economical one. The Government is repaid its advance, and consequently loses nothing; the parish is relieved of a heavy burden, which promised to be endless.

"But suppose the case were otherwise. Suppose Emigration were attended with loss instead of saving to the community, are there no higher considerations than those of a pecuniary nature? Is it nothing to prevent all that accumulation of human suffering which never fails to accompany a growing excess of population? Is it nothing to guard ourselves from the horrors of pestilence? or shall we deliberately encounter a return of famine and plague, rather than lay out a little money? Above all, can we look with indifference on that increasing prevalence of crime which yearly grows on us, in spite of all the efforts of statesmen and philanthropists to enlighten, instruct, and reform the minds and manners of the community? To those who regard this as a great moral question, no expense will be thought too great, if it must be incurred, for accomplishing the object in view.

"That an excess of population tends to the encouragement of crime is proved by the history of almost every nation, as well as from a moment's reflexion on what we all know of human nature. When a labourer is unable to obtain constant employment, it is not likely that he should acquire habits of regular industry. At once pinched by hunger, and weary of a life of inactivity, he is ready, if not restrained by strong and confirmed principle, for every kind of mischief. It is well known to the magistrates that times of distress, when employment is difficult to be obtained, are almost always fruitful in crime."

Such is the substance of Mr. Barton's pamphlet. It abounds in valuable remark, and will well reward perusal. Mr. Barton, however, does not appear to know anything of that most ingenious plan of emigration, unfolded in the letters edited by Mr. Gouger. By that plan, not only might the expense to be entailed on the country by Mr. Horton's plan be avoided, but the colonies might be rendered prosperous in the highest possible degree. It is not our intention now to enter at large upon the subject; but we cannot conclude our notice of a pamphlet, in which a plan of emigration is discussed, without referring our readers to the admirable 'Letter from Sydney.'

ORIGINAL PAPERS

LINES TO A ROBIN.

DECEMBER's chilling breeze
Sighs through the leafless trees,
And brings the winter's gloom;
And yet, though cold and drear
I find thee, Robin, here,
As if it all were bloom!

But say, how canst thou bring
Thy little heart to sing
Amid these wither'd bow'rs?
Thy breath, too, seems more sweet
Than when thy trembling feet
Play'd through the summer flow'rs!

Say—hast thou learn'd, when all
Thy rosy dwellings fall,
To hide in music's strain
Thy blighted hopes—thy fears—
And, if thou hast them, tears,
Wept in thy mem'ry's pain?

Sing on, sweet bird!—like thee,
When 'mid the gay, the free,
If sorrow should be mine;
I'll sigh not o'er the hours
Gone—faded like these bow'rs—
My song shall be like thine!

V.

SONNET TO THE SKYLARK.

THRICE blessed bird! on reckless pinion borne,
Thou leav'st for sunny skies the joyless earth,
To pierce the glowing bosom of the morn
And waken heaven with uncontrolled mirth!
How I do love to trace thy upward way,
Cleaving it through the balmy summer air,
To hear the gushings of thy roundelay
Proclaiming that thy spirit revels there!
And yet,—I watch'd thee ling'ring o'er thy
home,

For it contain'd some fondly cherish'd thing,
That half persuaded thee no more to roam,
But fold—forever fold thy truant wing:
Unlike to thee at will I may not rove;
Unlike to thee I have no home to love.

A. Z.

SURVEY OF THE RIVER THAMES.

Of the surveys at present in course of progress, conducted by naval officers, that of the River Thames is perhaps not the least interesting, as it is a part of which we possess no precise information. With the exception of that portion of the river between London Bridge and Blackwall, we know of no hydrographic survey of the River Thames. In the year 1806, Mr. S. Giles made a very careful survey of the above part, which he laid down on the enormous scale of 40 inches to the mile, for the purpose of showing distinctly the positions of the various wharfs and quays. This was done for the corporation of the city of London, but was never published. Captain Bullock, who is charged with the present survey, commenced his operations at London Bridge, and has already proceeded as far as Barking Reach. In comparing his work with that of Mr. Giles, so far as it goes, he has found several changes in the depths, and banks of the river. The effects of the tide in deepening the part called the Pool, by sweeping away the mud and other deposit under the various tiers of shipping, is very remarkable, and illustrative of the effects of confining the stream. Cuckold's Point, opposite Limehouse, has been found to have grown out into the river a distance of 150 feet, since Mr. Giles's survey; and several new shoals have been found, which seem to be known only to colliers, fishermen, or the pilots for the river. The Whiting Shoal is reported to yield a good water cement. There is perhaps no part of our coasts, of which we do

not possess some survey, however old, and therefore erroneous; and it is hardly credible that we should have no complete one of the Thames, which annually receives such a vast number of shipping. Even in a scientific point of view, it would have no doubt afforded some curious results, had we been enabled to compare the present state of the river with what it was a century or two ago.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 13.—J. W. Lubbock, Esq. Vice President and Treasurer, in the chair.—The following works have been presented to the Society since the last meeting:—An Enquiry into the Nature and Properties of the Prismatic Colours, by W. Crum, Esq., of Glasgow; The Zoological and Philosophical Magazines, from their editors; Lunar Occultations for the present year, and the Astronomical Society's Transactions for the year 1830, from the Astronomical Society; Remarks submitted to the Right Hon. Viscount Melville, in reply to a Pamphlet by N. H. Nicolas, Esq., and The Life of Sir Humphry Davy, by Dr. Paris, from the authors.

A paper on the Equilibrium of Fluids, communicated by J. Ivory, Esq., was partly read. The object of this paper was an investigation of the conditions required for the Equilibrium of Homogeneous Fluids. The conclusion was deferred to the next meeting.

J. Hodsons, Esq., was proposed by Mr. Lubbock, for admission into the society. The Right Hon. the Earl of Selkirk was elected, and J. Warren, Esq. admitted a Fellow of the society.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Jan. 13.—Thomas Amoyt, Esq. Treasurer, in the chair.—The society this evening resumed its ordinary sittings, but was very thinly attended. The Secretary having read the minutes of the proceedings of the last meeting, and notified the various presents to the Society during the vacation, concluded the reading of Mr. S. Woodward's communication on the Roman Geography and Antiquities of the county of Norfolk.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 10.—Mr. Greenough, Vice-President, in the chair.—The donations to the Society's library were announced, consisting principally of maps:—a map of ancient and modern Italy, by Finley, showing the tracks of Hannibal; the Atlantic Ocean, by Mr. Purdy, with the most recent discoveries; a map of Fredonia, or the United States, from Mr. Laurie, and a chart of the Straits of Gibraltar, by Reiner, showing the direction and limits of the currents; Cassini's large map of France, in 175 sheets, with a continuation of the Netherlands by Ferrara, in 25 sheets, from Sir T. Phillips.

A paper, communicated by Captain W. H. Smyth, R.N., on the geographical position of the Columbrete, was read. They consist of some islets and rocks on the coast of Valencia, in the Mediterranean; the largest lying in lat. 39° 56' N., and lon. 0° 43' E. The attention of Captain Smyth had been directed to these rocks during his survey of the Mediterranean, from the evidence of their volcanic origin as well as their dangerous nature, and the circumstance of their affording a resort for pirates. They are said to be overrun by snakes of beautifully variegated colours, and although uninhabited, are much frequented by piratical vessels. Captain Smyth entered into some detail on their geological construction, as well as their proper nomenclature. They are generally called the Columbrete, but are named Mont Calibre in the old charts. The principal feature attending them consists in the port, which is named Port

Tofino, occupying the mouth of what evidently appears to have been the crater of a volcano. The Moorish xebecs and galliots lie concealed in this port, and from thence issue forth on their piratical excursions. The islets amount to fourteen in number, extend about two miles, in a S.S.E. direction from the largest, which is also the northernmost, and are nearly level with the surface of the sea. Some of the rocks rise to a considerable height in pinnacles affording a distant view from the top. Amongst them is one which has exactly the appearance of a ship under sail. Captain Smyth's paper was accompanied by a plan and view of these rocks.

The Secretary, Captain M'Konochie, then read an extract which he had made from the log-book of the ship Layton, communicated by her master, Mr. J. Hurst. This ship, in a voyage from Sydney to Manila, in crossing the Caroline chain of islands, fell in with the Hogolen islands, belonging to the Ulean group. Passing to the N.W. of them, the Layton discovered a reef extending twenty miles to the S.S.E. from the southern point of the island Anonima. The former islands do not appear in most charts, and the latter is erroneously called Lamurree. According to Krusenstern, the island Lamurree is one of a group of thirteen, about one hundred leagues to the westward, and the island Anonima, which is inhabited, was discovered in 1801 by Captain Ibargoita, in the ship Philippine. Mr. Hurst confirms the opinion of its being inhabited. Its position is 8° 36' N. lat., and 150° E. lon., and it received its present name from the discoverer, because it had never before appeared on the charts. The track of the Philippine passes to the westward of the island, by which means the reef extending to the S.E. was unobserved. The Layton narrowly escaped being wrecked on these reefs, which will form a valuable addition to the erroneous charts of a part of the Ocean fraught with danger.

The thanks of the Society were voted to Captain Smyth and Mr. Hurst for their communications.

The following gentlemen were proposed for admission into the society: Edward Winterbottom, Esq., Captain Charles Chaplin, of Addiscombe, William Westall, Esq., Captain Robert Melville Grindley, and Hunter Gordon, Esq.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

THE College will resume their evening meetings for the season, on Monday, the 31st instant. A paper from the pen of the learned President, it is anticipated, will be the subject for the first conversazione. The following are the resolutions of the committee appointed to receive and consider the papers presented to the College:—1. All papers proposed to be read at the evening meetings of the College, should be sent to the registrar at the College of Physicians, who will acknowledge the receipt of them, by a notice to their respective authors.—2. All papers thus received will be laid before the President and committee, who will arrange the order in which they shall be read.—3. All papers will be read to the meeting by the registrar or his deputy in the presence of the President or Pro-president.—4. Notice will be given to each author of the evening on which his paper will be read.—5. At the end of each year a selection of such papers as may be deemed useful for publication, whether read or not at the College, will be made, and, with the consent of the authors, printed in the Transactions.—6. Such papers as either from want of time may not be read at the College or not deemed desirable for publication, will be returned to the authors at their request.—7. The reading of papers will commence at a quarter past nine o'clock precisely, and will not be protracted beyond ten o'clock.—8. No paper which has been previously read before any other Society will be admissible.

WESTMINSTER MEDICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 8.—The meetings of this Society were resumed this evening; there was a highly respectable attendance. A letter of apology was read from Mr. Evans, who was prevented, by some important engagement, reading his promised paper on monomania. Some interesting observations on tic-doloureux were elicited from Drs. Barry, Johnson, Granville, and Gordon, consequent on a cure related by the former gentleman, wherein every remedy usually resorted to for the relief of that dreadful malady had been used without effect, and complete success attended the extraction of a molar-tooth. Dr. Johnson, in the latter part of the evening, referred to a case of dropsy he last session related to the Society. The patient had not only been twice tapped, but was evidently suffering from extensive disorganization of the liver and spleen, every member who then spoke on the case predicted his certain dissolution; iodine had since been freely exhibited, and the gentleman completely recovered. The learned doctor highly eulogized the powerful influence of this medicine in dropsical cases; its effect in this instance was almost miraculous; the secretion of the kidneys could be *ad libitum* increased even by its external application. The meeting assumed more the appearance of a conversazione than a debate, but was not on that account the less interesting.

ARTISTS' CONVERSAZIONE.

We have long had good hopes that the Artists' and the Artists and Amateurs' Conversazione would unite; but regret to hear there is a probability of a third association instead of a union. This is wasting strength, instead of concentrating it. Joint contributions would make a splendid exhibition, but if they are to be portioned out after this fashion, these pleasant meetings will all end in tea and coffee and talk. The formation of such societies ought, however, to convince the friends of art that there is a right feeling spreading among informed men and artists; and we are of opinion that, if some active and intelligent members would cordially exert themselves, an institution really serviceable to art and artists might be formed out of the proposed union. We are not prepared with any detail on the subject; but the general impression on our minds is, that such an institution should have a library attached, which we are convinced would soon be a valuable one, from the liberality of the amateur members, and a splendid collection of engravings, which the equal liberality of the profession would contribute, and both should be open at all times to the members, and would be of great service, and save time and money to artists. That it will come to this, we cannot doubt, and should be most ready to give any personal or other assistance that might forward what seems to us so desirable; but we must forewarn all who may interest themselves in it to beware of a fashionable club and expense. One good room is all that can be wanting at the outset, and tea and coffee for the evening meetings, which should be once a week or fortnight, might be supplied, as now, by any hotel-keeper. We throw out these hints, and trust that they will not be thrown away.

The meeting on Saturday last was well attended, but the display of works of art was not equal to what we have seen. There were many splendid illustrated books on the table, and some engravings—two or three portfolios of sketches and water-colour drawings—an exquisite and highly-finished picture by Vouvermans—a beautiful little framed drawing by Bonington—a very admirable one of Heidelberg—a portfolio of drawings by Mr. Nash, and some of these were among the best works we have seen by that artist. But all attention was directed to the sketches made by Mr. Harding

on his late visit to Italy; and most beautiful they were; and their numbers and finish prove with what indefatigable zeal he must have laboured, for we believe Mr. Harding has not been absent more than four months, and went on commission to make drawings for the Landscape Annual. Rare promise, we can assure our friends, for the future volumes! But, to speak critically of these sketches, we must confess, that, with all our admiration, we imagined that the Annual was visible in them: they were indeed most delicate and effective, but had hardly the boldness and vigour of an artist's sketches; we doubt if they were, either in subject or manner, exactly what they would have been had Mr. Harding consulted only his own feeling, or thought only of the judgments present on this occasion—they were, we suspect, touched off to win opinions less skilled in the mystery of art; he had an eye to an illustrated work, to ladies' albums and golden-clasped volumes. Let us not, however, in our discrimination, seem to do injustice to the artist—his sketches were very generally and very justly admired, and by none more than ourselves. One and all agreed in commendation of the selection: indeed we do not remember ever to have seen a series of views so generally interesting.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY,	{ Medical Society	Eight, P.M.
	{ Phrenological Society	Eight, P.M.
TUESDAY,	{ Linnean Society	Eight, P.M.
	{ Horticultural Society	One, P.M.
WEDNESD.	{ Geological Society	½ past 8, P.M.
	{ Royal Society of Literature, Three, P.M.	
	{ Society of Arts	½ past 7, P.M.
THURSD.	{ Royal Society	½ past 8, P.M.
	{ Society of Antiquaries	Eight, P.M.
FRIDAY,	Royal Institution	½ past 8, P.M.
SATURD.	Westminster Medical Society, Eight, P.M.	

FINE ARTS

The Smugglers Alarmed. Drawn on stone by Thomas Fairland, from a painting by John Knight. Engellman & Co.

THIS is a clever specimen of laboured lithography: the subject too, is a suitable one, and on a scale sufficiently large to satisfy us of the advantages of this speedy and easy mode of multiplying the productions of the pencil. Lithography is not to be put in competition with line engraving; but without lithography, this clever picture would probably have been confined to the studio of the artist, or the cabinet of the purchaser, and known only to a few friends; now a clever copy of it is placed within the price of all admirers. The long and wearying labour, and the consequent cost of engraving, is saved by the almost instant transfer to stone. This picture tells its own story in a very spirited manner—every figure is in action, and every action is indicative of the character of the individual; from the fierce and desperate ruffian in the foreground, prepared for resistance, to the alarmed and anxious agitation of the wife, and the accustomed vigilance of the young watcher, who with uplifted hand, cautions them to silence.

The New Devil's Bridge, at the Pass of St. Gothard. On stone by Walton. Dickenson.

THIS view gives no idea whatever of the boldness and wildness spoken of in the inscription. Indeed, a situation could not well have been selected to convey less of the peculiar character of the scenery, which we know is singularly romantic, or rather terrific. Nevertheless, the work is very creditably executed—if that avails anything.

The Cruel Pilferers. Drawn on stone by W. P. Sherlock, from a sketch by L. Adams.

A clever little vignette plate, that does some credit to the lady artist.

The Romp. Painted and engraved by Mills. Mezzotint.

THIS print is dedicated to the most high and mighty CUPID!! and subscribed his devoted slave, J. Mills! Now, we would strenuously advise this young man, who appears to possess some talent, to throw off the yoke of such a master, and devote himself to study and his art. There is nothing either in the design or execution of this work, that can greatly recommend it—yet it has evidences of talent.

Views of Interiors of Churches and other Buildings.

Drawn on stone by Mr. Jaime, from drawings by the Chev. Bonton. London, Hullmandel.

Lithography is especially adapted to such subjects, as a sufficient accuracy of representation can be produced at a moderate price. We should think these very nice bits of interiors would be most acceptable to painters, to give them hints for back-grounds, &c. The shadows are generally too black, but in most, the effect is very good—and all are well drawn.

Those of our artists, who are accustomed to send their works for exhibition, to the *Musée Royale* at Paris, are informed that the works must be sent in before the 1st of March. The exhibition opens on the 1st of April.

A new print, on the merits of which the French journals speak in the highest terms, entitled 'La Dernière Cartouche,' from a drawing by Horace Vernet, and engraved by M. Chollet, has just appeared in Paris.

THEATRICALS

COVENT-GARDEN.

ON Wednesday Mr. Milman's tragedy called 'Fazio,' was revived at this house, *Bianca*, the heroine, by Miss Fanny Kemble. There is some beautiful poetry in this tragedy, and some of the situations are very powerful, but the means by which they are brought about, are, to our thinking, extremely revolting, and we have not a grain of sympathy with either of the three parties upon whom the action of the piece almost exclusively rests. Bating the language, we care no more about 'Fazio' than we did about 'The Fair Penitent,'—and that was little enough. We know not how it is, but the choice of plays in which Miss Kemble has lately appeared, has not been by any means happy—they have generally been more revived than reviving. With regard to Miss Kemble's own performance in 'Fazio,' we can only say, that there was no particular variation either as to beauties or defects from other performances of hers which we have lately seen. She was most effective in the most impassioned parts—least in those of tenderness. The defects of pronunciation which have been so frequently complained of, appeared to us to be even on the increase—we positively wonder that these are not corrected. If not a first-rate tragic actress, she is at any rate the first we have, and where there is so much cleverness, and so much good sense to back it, we are at a loss to guess why a blemish so obvious should not be at once removed.

Mr. Warde acted *Fazio* respectably, but not more. It is really a pity that this gentleman cannot manage his voice better, for it is powerful, distinct, and well-toned. There is, we won't say always, but generally, such a regular swing in it, that we can tell as soon as it is set in motion when it will go up, up, up, and when it will come down, down, down. Mrs. Chatterley, a clever woman, and in many parts a most pleasing actress, was cruelly misplaced in *Aldabella*—no performance that was not repulsive could be less attractive. Miss Taylor, whose talents will come some day to be acknowledged

as they deserve, and who with the little chance she has had, has already convinced us that she can do almost anything well, would have acted and suited *Altabella* infinitely better. We remember, of old, Mr. Blanchard's *Bartolo*, the miser. It was one of those little parts which we have, within the last fifteen years, so frequently seen confided to the care of this excellent actor;—short certainly, but sweet enough to sugar the strongest bowl Melpomene ever mixed. Upon this occasion we unfortunately did not arrive until after his death—we are sorry we missed him, because we know he would have hit us. Between the play and farce there was a lively little extemporaneous interlude performed, which of course had not been announced in the bills. Some few silly men in the first row of the pit, with that over-officious zeal which always hurts the cause it is meant to advance, when the play was over and Mr. Egerton came forward to give it out, "hurled up their caps, and some ten voices cried" Off—off—off!—Kemble—Kemble—Kemble!

Mr. Egerton. (Bows—retires to the wing—puts his head out—speaks to somebody—returns to the lamps, and bows again.)

Silly People (again). Off—off—off! Kemble—Kemble—Kemble!

Sensible People. Go on—go on! Give out—give out! Mr. Egerton (after a pause). Ladies and gentlemen! we don't know that Mr. Kemble is in the house.

A silly Man (from the Pit). Yes, he is.

Mr. Egerton. Where is he, Sir?

Silly Man (pointing to vacancy). Up there, in that private box.

Mr. Egerton. Thank you, Sir. (Bows and retires.)

If the play-bills were to announce that this ludicrous ceremony was received with "shouts of laughter," they would, for once, not exceed the truth. After this, Mr. Kemble, evidently put out by the sudden and senseless call, came on, and gave out the play for repetition with great modesty and good sense.

On Thursday Miss Taylor repeated the part of *Miss Arlington*, in 'The 1001. Note.' She is fit for greater and better things, than to be stuffed into such a trumpery character as this; but she seemed resigned to her fate, and played it better than it deserved. The rest of the farce was extremely well acted also, and the whole went off with great liveliness.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

This frolicsome little theatre, under its spirited proprietress, is now completely established in public favour. It is crowded every night, and we do not doubt it will continue to be so until the end of the season. A partial change took place in the performances on Thursday, when 'Fra Diavolo,' a three-act opera, originally produced at the West London Theatre, was substituted for the two pieces in which Miss Foote has hitherto performed. Madame Vestris is a delightful person, and can do most things she undertakes; but she certainly mistook her own powers, when she fancied herself strong enough to carry such a heavy piece as 'Fra Diavolo,' all the way from Tottenham Street to Wych Street. Neither is this the style of play we ever wish to see at the Olympic Theatre; we doubt whether anything there ought to be in more than one act, certainly nothing should be in more than two. Madame Vestris herself acted and sung most charmingly; and Mrs. Glover was, as usual, excellent; and Mr. Hodges, from the Royal Academy of Music, has a very sweet voice; and—one or two more little ands—but it won't do; it was too long, and must be cut—not shorter—but altogether.

FRENCH PLAYS—HAYMARKET.

This house has opened for the French season, with a company which promises some pleasant evenings' entertainment. There are several first appearances announced, among them, that

well-known favourite of the Parisians, Mdlle. *Leontine Fay*. We shall take due note of their proceedings, and report accordingly. The company play only Mondays and Fridays, till after Lent.

KING'S THEATRE.

THE following performers will appear in the Opera department at this theatre in the course of the ensuing season.—First appearances:—

Mad. Sig. Vesperman, from Munich;

Mad. Rubini, from the principal theatres of Italy;

Madlle. Beck and Madlle. Filiani, from Paris;

Signor David, from Paris;

Signor Rubini, from Italy;

in addition to the following, who are already known to the English public:—Pasta, Lalande, Fanny Ayton, Castelli, Lablache, Curioni, De Begnis, Santini, Deville, De Angeli, &c.

The novelties for the Ballet (which continues under the direction of Deshayes) are, Madame Montessu, Madame Kaniell, and Madlle. Proche, from the Academie Royale de Musique, Paris, Mons. Paul and Mons. Lefebvre, from the same establishment; besides the familiar favourites, Brocard, Taglioni, and others.

The Orchestra will be led as before by Spagnoletti; it loses none of its last year's strength.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

OUR enemies exult over, and our friends laugh at us, in the persuasion that, since the decease of the dear 'Juvenile,' its amiable parents have withdrawn their countenance and support from us. Now, all this might pass as badinage, and we enjoy a joke as well as other people; but though circumstances may seem to justify the opinion of our enemies, it would be much more natural, we think, to attribute them to the engrossing sorrow of the parents. It is absurd to suppose they are angry with us for our patient and laborious instruction;—they cannot but be aware that even our chastisement was deserved, for manifold offences; that, had the 'Juvenile' lived, it would have been the better for our correction; and that its death is attributable to its own sickly, consumptive constitution—its premature birth—and not to our considerate care of its manners and morals, or to our conscientious instruction in English grammar and composition. We own, however, that the continued neglect of us seems to justify our enemies in their triumph; we have therefore ventured, for appearance sake, to transfer a few of their advertisements into our pages—and our friends will excuse us, seeing that it may have its beneficial influence in the country.

Dolby's Cookery.—The name of Mr. Dolby is now, like his own good things, in everybody's mouth, and his 'Dictionary,' which savours of all that is excellent in taste, substance, and arrangement, has now become the established favourite, not only in all the kitchens of the nobility and the fashionable hotels, but, from its clearness of arrangement, and facility of reference, it is now in such high favour as to be more resorted to than any other Cookery-book extant. It is, indeed, an admirably digested manual, teaching both the decorative and the solid—both how to dress well, and how to live well. It is the *pan-opticon*, the *pan-orama* of culinary science; and its author has been aptly called the grand explorer, or *Captain Cook*, who has made the most valuable discoveries in the table-land of gastronomy.—*Morning Post*, Jan. 10.

The *United Service Journal* commences the new year with a richer fund than usual of narrative, instructive, and miscellaneous contributions; while its utility in a professional sense is enhanced by the variety of tabular documents it exhibits, which comprise information of the utmost value to the two services.—*Morning Chronicle*, Jan. 5.

National Library, Vol. V.—It is rather extraordinary that the Festivals and Pastimes which in all countries and during all ages have been indulged in by man, should not have been hitherto adequately described in any one work, delightful and inspiring as the theme is. Here and there, indeed, a dry and learned quarto, confined to the sports of one country, may be found, wherein, while dates are accurately chronicled, the

spirit of the subject has been missed; but until the publication of Mr. Horace Smith's 'Festivals,' in the National Library, the public have not been generally informed as to the festive recreations of all times and nations, from the grand religious holidays of the ancient Jews, the poetical games and celebration of Greece and Rome, to the hearty and social pastimes of merry old England. No library, circulating or private, should be without this little volume, which best teaches us how to be "merry and wise."—*John Bull*, Jan. 9.

We are not fond of exposures in private life, but it is impossible to deny the advantage afforded to society by pictures of its modern abuses so graphically and fatally correct as that contained in the new novel of 'Mothers and Daughters.' We suspect it will produce no trifling derangement in the matrimonial speculations of the ensuing spring. The fashionable characters introduced into this work are true to nature. Report assigns the sketch of Lady Maria Willingham to the second wife of a fashionable Baronet. The 'mother' having failed in the establishment of her 'daughters,' is said to have secured her own.—*Age*, Jan. 9.

Forthcoming Novelties.—We learn that the forthcoming romance of 'The Tuileries' comprehends a period of interest unequalled in the annals of French history; from the first popular triumph in the fall of the Bastille, to the establishment of the supremacy of Napoleon in the victory of Marengo. It is said that every character of note figuring during that important interval upon the political stage, is introduced into the pages of this interesting work.—*Observer*, Jan. 9.

We have said much on these vile paid-for criticisms; but we cannot have said enough, while any publisher shall think them worth the cost. We know the hazard we run in exposing these things, but we have set up our standard, and mean to fight the good fight at all hazards. We therefore publicly assert, that every one of these seeming criticisms—these professed judgments of the editor of the paper—were written by some scribe in Burlington Street, and their insertion paid for by Messrs. Colburn & Bentley. If we refer more frequently to these publishers than to others, it is because they are the greatest offenders in this way. Morning or evening we cannot take up a paper—honourably excepting *The Times*—without being beguiled by some dark mysterious insinuation—some sly puppet scandal—into the perusal of their concealed advertisements. It surely ought to be enough for one house to have property in, and therefore influence over, the LITERARY GAZETTE, the *Sunday Times*, the *Court Journal*, the *New Monthly Magazine*, and the *United Service Journal*, without shaking the public faith in every other journal in the kingdom by criticisms, which, we again repeat, were all paid for.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE.

We attended, as promised in our last paper, and found, as anticipated, that it was merely a preliminary meeting. Mr. Mackinnon took the chair. After some general discussion, a committee was appointed to consider the best means of effecting the objects proposed, and we trust to be able to report the result of their deliberation in a few weeks.

MISCELLANEA

The famous Ned Lysaght—was a perpetual ear-sore to the no less famous Curran, his contemporary. Wits, like poets and kings, bear no rival near their thrones. Curran was particularly averse to meeting Lysaght in company, for the orator had always a penchant for "showing off," and the punster had as great a passion for engrossing the attention of his auditors to himself alone. Sometimes, too, a collision took place between them—"a rare encounter of two brilliant stars." On one occasion, Curran, somewhat piqued at the overwhelming radiance of Lysaght's *facticie*, pettishly exclaimed that he was quite tired of the quantity and quality of puns wherewith Lysaght inundated the company, and, half-jest half-earnest, proposed a fine on any such future delinquency: the joker assented, summing up his offences by the following qua-

druple joke: "Ah, Curran, if I were pun-ished for every pun-I-shed, I would not have a puny-shed to cover my pun-nish head."

Leeds Castle Library.—Few sales of late years have created in our learned antiquaries and lovers of the olden time, so keen an interest as did this, the library of Leeds Castle, once the property of the Lords Fairfax. The sale took place on Wednesday last, under the hammer of Mr. Christie, and the prices they produced, would lead us to imagine that the distress of which almost all of us complain, was "an unreal mockery"—a mere bugbear of the brain. Leeds Castle is situated about three miles beyond Maidstone, and is an ancient feudal moated castle, of a truly baronial appearance; it was originally the mansion of the Culpepper family, from whom it was inherited by the Fairfaxes, than whom there were few families more distinguished for valour, patriotism, and polite literature, in the bustling days of the First James and Charles of England: from this noble race, now extinct in this branch, it descended to the family of Martin, by one of whom it is now possessed. Our notice must be too short to give anything like a list of the valuable articles in this sale, but included among the most curious were—

Beck's Bible, printed by John Day, 1549; in the beginning were the registers of the births of the Fairfax family, written on parchment—it produced 52l.

Pardon granted to the celebrated Parliamentary General Sir Thomas Fairfax, with the Great Seal of Charles II., who, notwithstanding his services at the Restoration, seemed to consider this general pardon for past events necessary. 11l. 0s. 6d.

A Discourse on Witchcraft, as it was acted in the family of Mr. Edward Fairfax, MS. 1621; to this most singular circumstance in the family of the translator of Tasso, Sir Walter Scott makes an interesting allusion in his Discourse on Witchcraft. 11l. 11s.

Analecta Fairfaxiana; a very curious and interesting volume on vellum in the handwriting of Lord Thomas Fairfax, the first Baron of Cameron, containing the arms, pedigrees, monuments, and other matters relating to the family of Fairfax. 108l. 3s.

A very interesting collection of Letters and Papers relating to the Siege and Surrender of Pomfret Castle, including several remarkable letters of Oliver Cromwell, General Lambert, and Col. Morris, addressed to the Fairfaxes;—it brought 126l.

An Inventorie of the Personale Estate of the late King (Charles I.), which was sold by Act of Parliament, and in order to the sale appraised as followeth.—This curious volume has the prices affixed to the different articles and the names of purchasers, which is wanted in the printed volume, edited by Vertue—but it is unfortunately imperfect. 22l. 1s.

The principal lots were bought by commission, by Mr. Thorpe, Mr. Cochran, and Mr. Rodd, for distinguished collectors—the chief of whom, we hear, is Sir Thomas Phillips. Mr. Hughes, of Maidstone, was present, who possesses the extensive series of letters, being the correspondence of the family for two centuries; including perhaps the most remarkable series existing of the kind, relative to the Civil War. We have long hoped he would put in execution his intention of printing the most valuable and important of them; and sure we are, he could not render a greater service to the history of his country in so doing—not forgetting too to embellish the volume with copies of the pictures he possesses of the most eminent of the Fairfaxes. We fear it is too true, that sterling literature is, of a truth, sadly neglected; else why is it, that these most important historical documents are not published?

When Bonaparte in the height of the Continental System, as it was called, was very rigidly enforcing the laws for burning all colonial produce, he was one day hunting in the forest of Vincennes (near the arsenal), and, having dismounted, on walking through one of the alleys, perceived the smell of coffee. He immediately entered the house whence the aroma issued, and found the Curate (who owned the house) in the very act of roasting the prohibited exotic. He accosted him, "*Comment, M. le Curé, du café! Il me semble que je l'ai défendu?*" The Curate, with the utmost sang froid, replied, "*Oui, Sire, aussi je le brûle.*" The Emperor remarked, and the next day sent him, out of his own stores, (for the Imperial taste could not dispense with the use of the juice of the berry,) a quintal of coffee as a reward for his wit.

The Faculty.—A Portuguese physician, having called upon a patient, after administering to him somewhat copiously, made certain inquiries of the sick man, and then parted from him:—"Adieu, my friend, 'till to-morrow," said he, closing the door hastily. "Adieu, doctor, for ever," sighed his patient, sorrowfully.—Of another son of old Galen it is recorded, that an invalid, in his impatience at the torment he was suffering, called for a cup of poison or a poignard, "Set your mind at ease," observed a neighbour, who had been neighbourly enough to look in, "Prithee, set your mind at ease; you may save yourself both poison and poignard, for I hear the doctor coming up."

There is an estate near Cairo, called the 'Land of Timbaliera,' which, in past times, was one of the most delightful resorts in the vicinity of that capital. In the 725th year of the Hegira, (A.D. 1323,) it fell into the hands of an avaricious scoundrel, one emir Bektémér. This wretch was sent to investigate the proceedings of the administrator-general of Safad, and conducted himself with so much cruelty and rapacity as to give occasion to the bitter satire conveyed in the following lines—"Beware, thou traveller, who art bound to Safad; beware how thou enterest a city brought to ruin by the emir Bektémér. There is no intercessor at hand to mitigate his austerities, nor are the guilty allowed to repent. That spot is the very mirror of everything which invests the judgment-day with terror: there are the human crowds—the scales and weights—the opened books—the record glaring before the eyes of the guilty—the rendering up of accounts—the blood-thirsty executioners thirsting to torture mankind—chains and clubs bristling with iron—and extremest chastisements. Not one of the attributes of that momentous day are wanting—save the presence of the all-pitying and all-merciful."

A decoction of the *Diosma Crenata* is stated, in the journal of the missionaries at Gnadenhai, to be a most efficacious remedy in the case of cholera morbus.

Immense Tortoise.—One of the largest of these animals ever seen was found a short time since near New London, in the United States. It weighed 890 pounds, was eight feet in length reckoning from the mouth to the extremity of the tail, and, measured from the extremities of both feet, was seven feet six inches in breadth.

The Literary Gazette.—The angry nonsense noticed in our last, about insidious attempts made through the provincial papers, to misrepresent the "principles, motives, and line of conduct" of the editor of the *Literary Gazette*, could have no reference to the *Essex Standard*, a paper not in existence when the paragraph was written. We have now had the great satisfaction of seeing this new paper flit its critical sword on the old iniquity, and show up the *Gazette* in a column and a half of rare and admirable exposure. It is too late now, but next

week we hope to find room for the summing up of this second Daniel in the great cause, The Literary Gazette v. the Country Press of "England, Ireland, and Scotland."

Athenæum Advertisement.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of W. & Mon.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Barometer. No.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 6	40 25	30.08	N.	Clear.
Fr. 7	29 29	30.56	V. var.	Ditto.
Sat. 8	33 23	30.53	N.W. to N.	Cloudy.
Sun. 9	42 30	30.60	N.E. to N.	Ditto.
Mon. 10	42 36	29.80	N. to N.E.	Ditto.
Tues. 11	43 32	29.80	N.E.	Ditto.
Wed. 12	39 34	29.92	N.E.	Ditto.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cumulus and Cumulostratus. Nights and mornings fair.

Mean temperature of the week, 32.5°. A brilliant Aurora Borealis on Friday night about 8 o'clock.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon in apogee on Saturday, at 6h. A.M.

Mercury and Herschel in conjunction on Tuesday, at 6h. A.M.—Venus and Jupiter on Wednesday, at 8h. A.M.

Venus and Jupiter invisible this month.

Mars's geocentric long. on Wed. 27° 53' in Aries.

Venus — — — 26° 57' in Capricorn.

Sun's — — — 21° 36' in Ditto.

Length of day on Wed. 8h. 5m.; increased, 24m. Sun's horary motion 2° 32'. Logarithmic number of distance 9.99282.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

'Mercy' does not distinguish between the publishers and the booksellers—between the one and the one hundred. The country booksellers are half-ruined by the commutation of all the trash that is poured out on the public. Numbers of them keep circulating libraries. The public are wild to have this new novel or that new romance, these Memoirs or that Life, so be praised;—down they must come, charged at 27s.;—two or three of the favoured get a sight of the work—speak the truth—it is no more required for;—and the next thing heard is, the remainder has been sold at a trade sale for eight pence a volume. This is not an isolated case, but one that occurs weekly.

A.W. Thanks—but we still doubt.

Thanks to F.S.M., A.W., R.T., J.I.: but we are already under so many promises, and have so much poetry in type, that we must decline.

We wholly differ with the author of the 'True State, &c., and therefore could not serve him.

G.A. Bridgewater. There must be some error. Only two publications between the 15th and the date of his letter, and both sent.

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